

SALONS

OF

1904

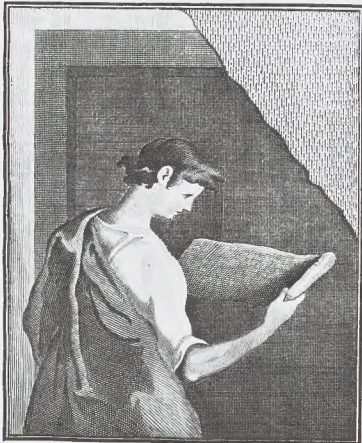


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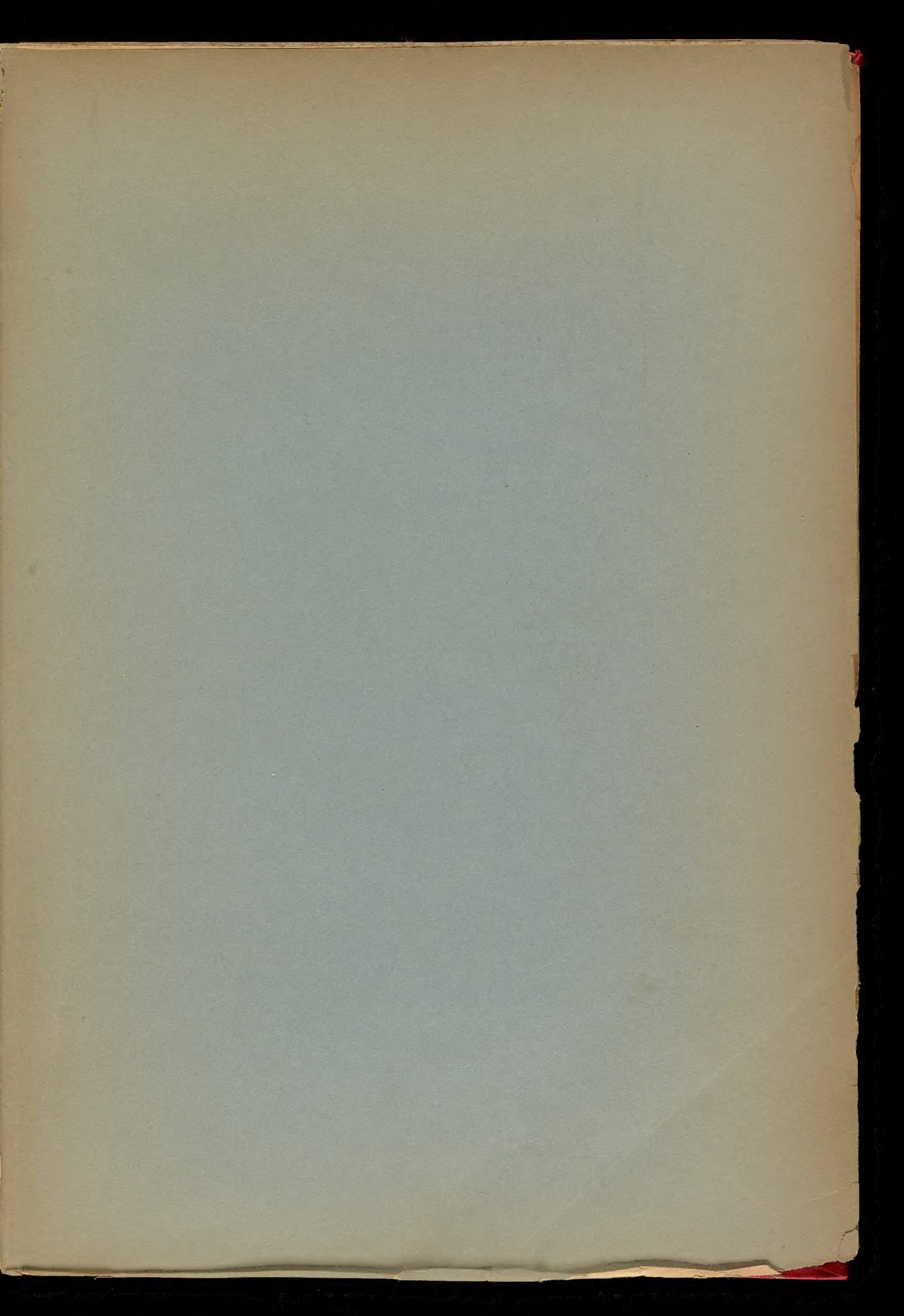
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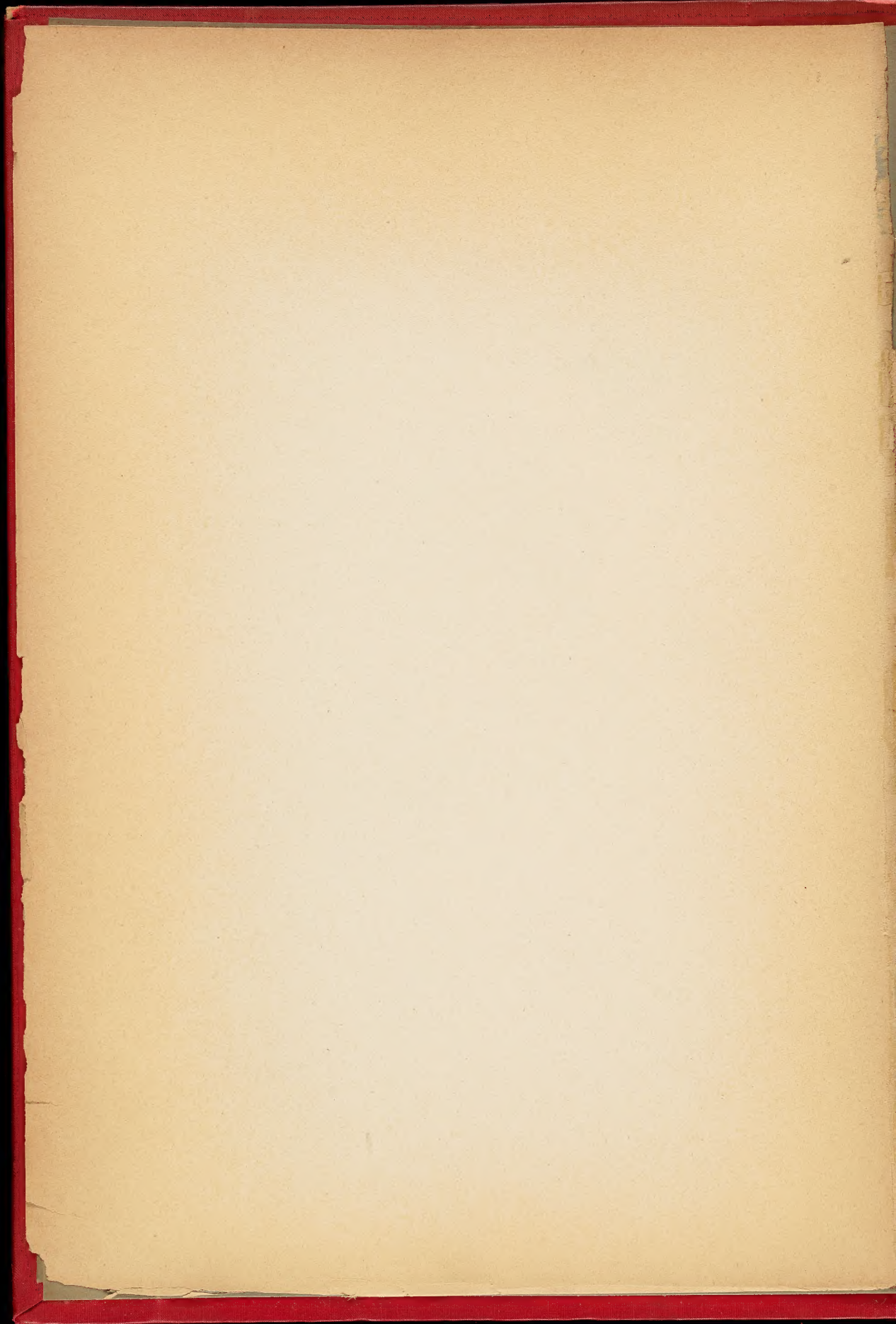
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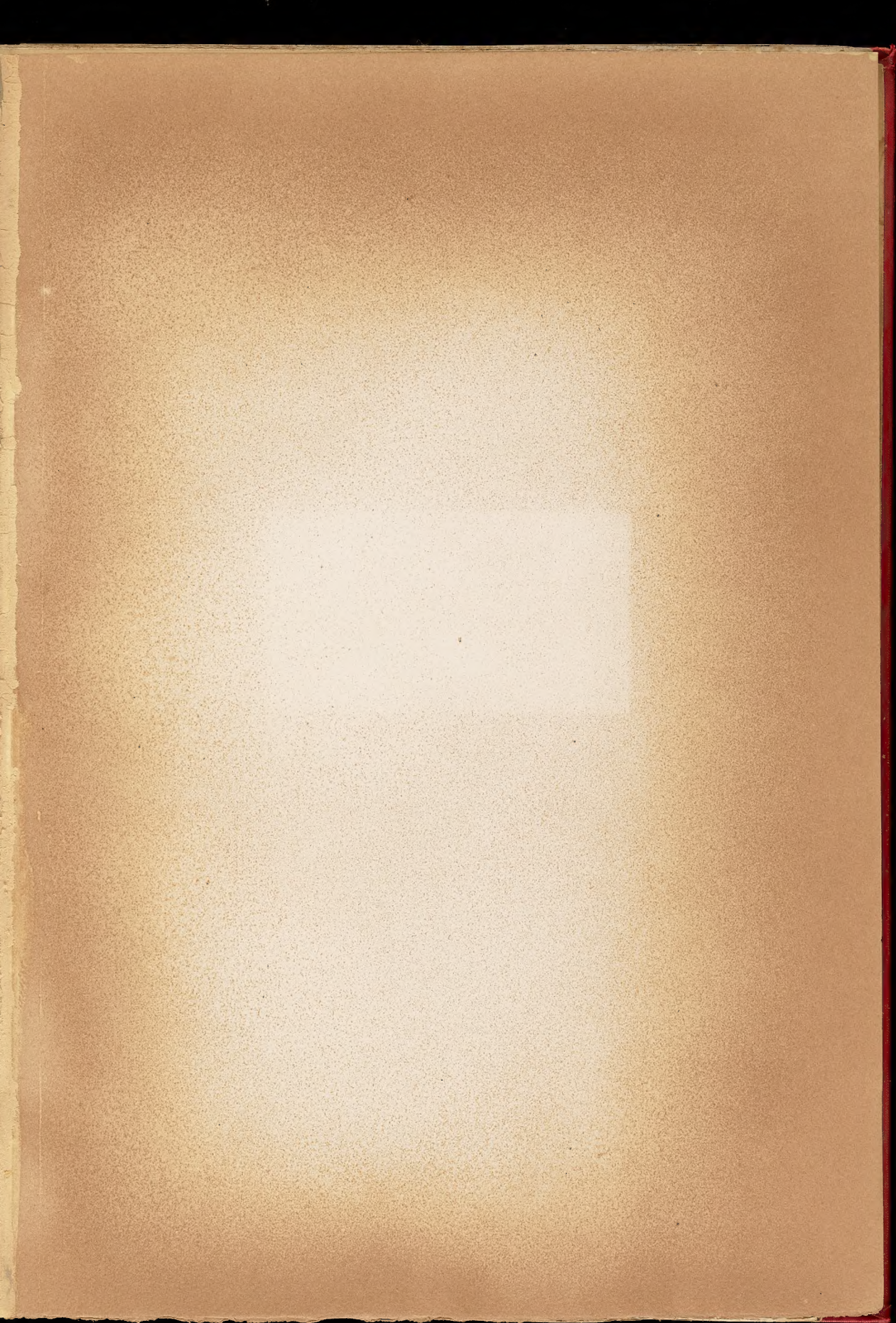
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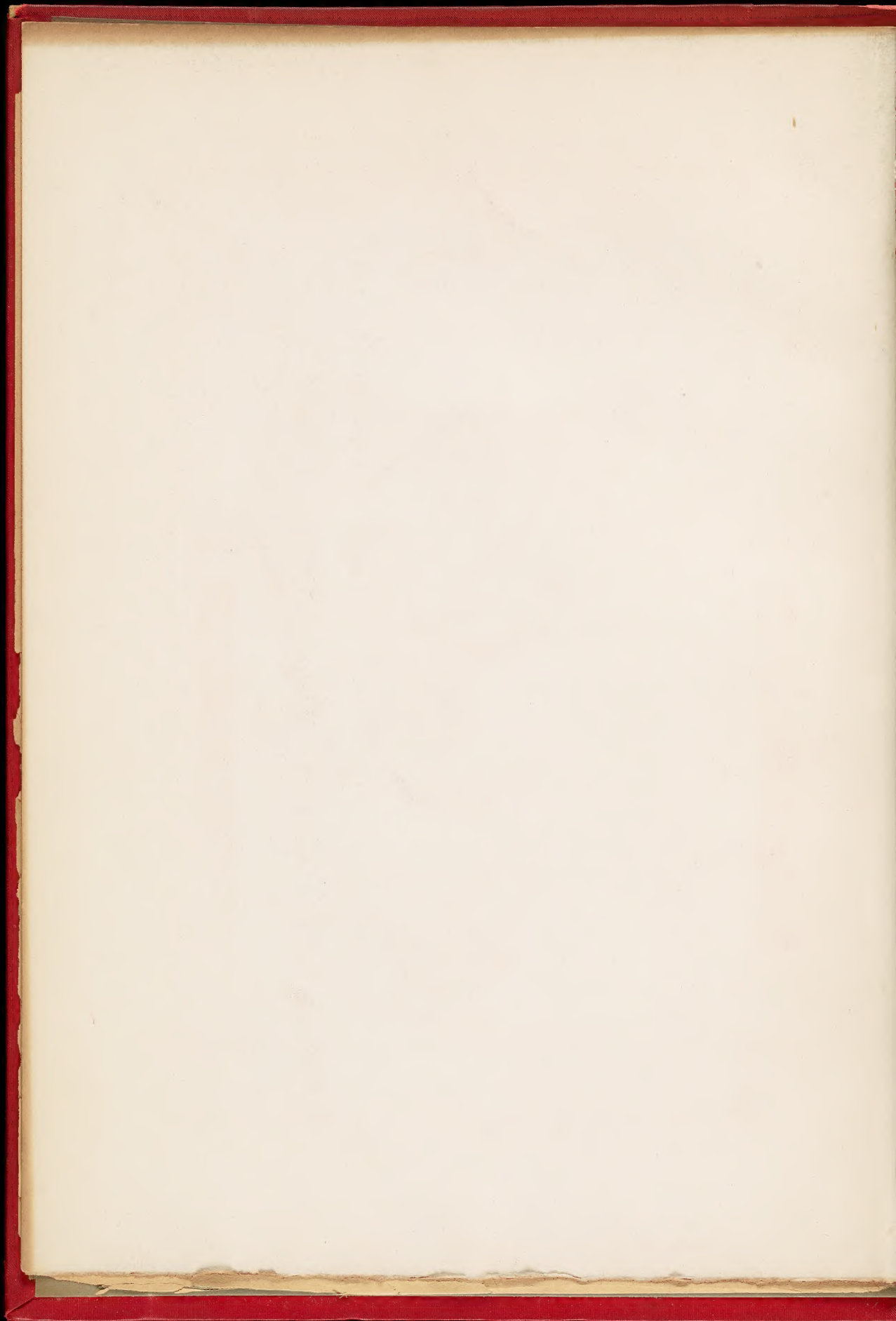


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MAURICE HAMEL

SALONS OF 1904



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THE SALONS OF 1904

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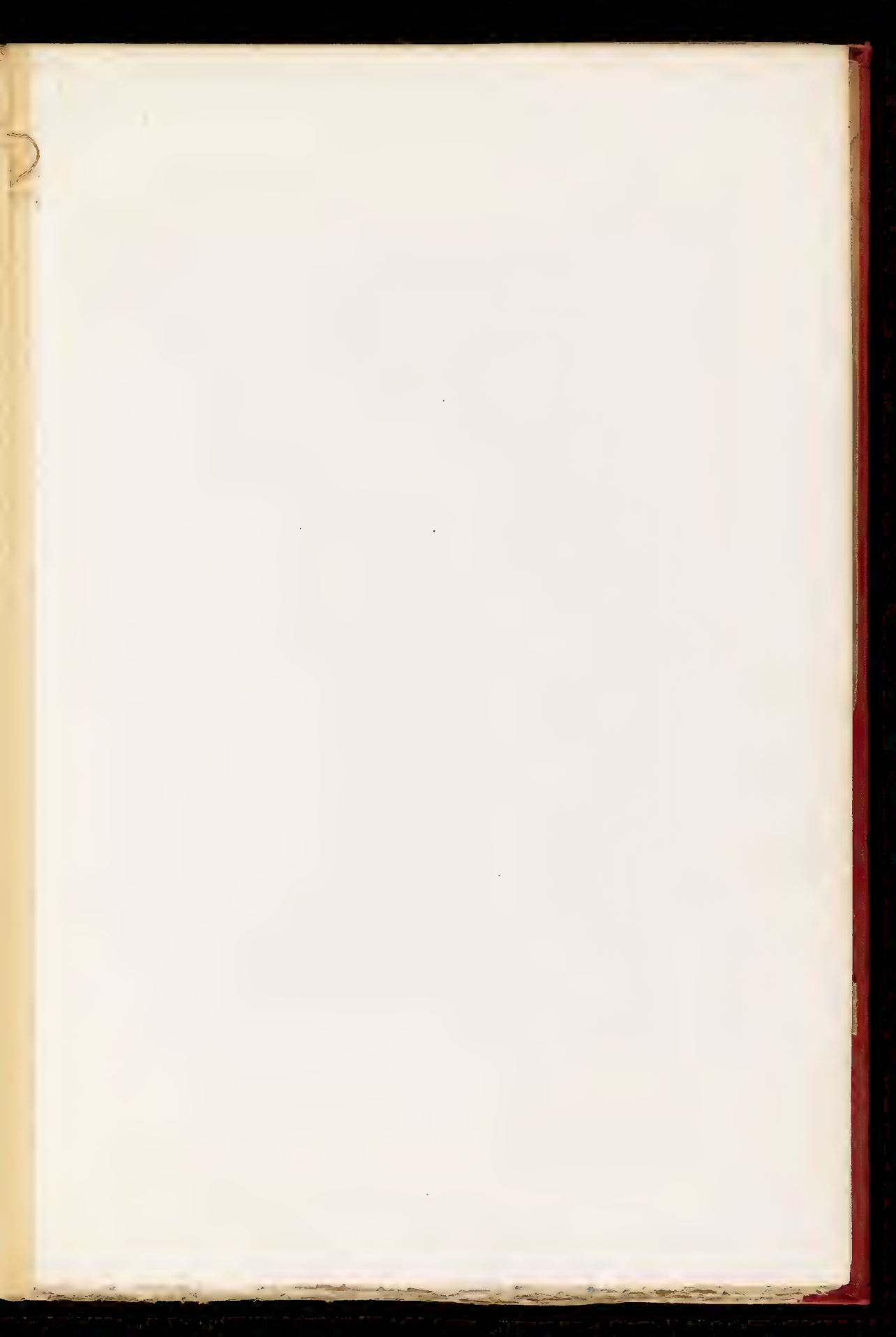
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MAURICE HAMEL

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A. DE LA GANDARA.
Portrait of Madame H. L...

SALON OF 1904.

MAURICE HAMEL

THE SALONS OF 1904

ENGLISH TEXT

TRANSLATED BY PAUL VILLARS



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1904

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THE SALONS OF 1904

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.

PAINTING



THANKS are due to the poets, who know and see and bring up from the deep current of the visible world the elemental rhythm and undertones of life. They rouse and dignify all the faculties of our being; they stir the latent energies of our instinct and intelligence; they carry us aloft into a region of light and sound, where dwell our dearest memories and our best impulses, responsive to the poet's tender call; and they reveal to us a brighter, more fervid and impassioned life, far beyond the sordid cares which absorb our thoughts and hamper our steps, expanding our hearts and attuning our pulse to that of the universe. They are our liberators, Hercules killing the monsters which lurk within us and around us. With unerring aim they transfix

all that is squalid, false, or base, while in the magic mirror they hold up to us we see our purified feelings and our deeper thoughts. And suddenly, as by a miracle, they hush the motley turmoil of life to the solemn silence and holy peace of a temple.

Above life, but not outside life, the artist is masterful, but not contemptuous. How can he afford to lose touch with human nature, he whose comprehensive spirit must form and give to us a clearer and deeper apprehension of our own? He is our nobler and greater image; he confesses himself our brother, and comforts us as to our own nature by the essential identity of his.

How many artists strain every nerve and rack their brains to astonish themselves and us. They waste their best energies in seeking for strange subjects. They exhaust themselves in imagination, when it would be far wiser to discover and understand realities. They wander off into the grotesque, the occult and the abstruse, as though the purport of simple things were exhausted. They fail to perceive that the life about them is the most beautiful and pathetic of mysteries. What feeble inventions! What cleverness displayed in sheer waste! Others are innovators, a law to themselves; they affect to have seen nothing, learnt nothing; Nature is their only master. Vasari says, in speaking of Giotto, that his long and diligent study gave him the right to call himself the disciple of Nature. But a man is not the disciple of any teacher he knows only by sight. Merely to look is not enough; he must understand. To represent is not enough; he must penetrate to the essential part, and the laws of things visible. The accumulated efforts of the mind have produced summaries and syntheses of nature which are not to be copied, but to be apprehended by a personal process; to continue and contribute to a tradition we must have it in our marrow, and add to the consciousness of our inheritance a passionate triumph over the unknown. Artificiality, or brutality, the blatant craving for originality or scandal, the absence of decency and refinement, shallowness of feeling, and poverty of intellect, are spreading weeds; the prospect would be saddening

L. A. LHERMITTE.

Harvest in the valley.

(Etching by G. Garen.

SALON OF 1904.



F. CARRIÈRE
Portraits.

SALON OF 1904.



21905-

J. Mc NEIL WHISTLER.
"Rose and Violet" (The Iris), — Unfinished.

SALON OF 1904.



indeed if a few lofty and pure spirits were not at hand to reassure us. Art which appeals to our lower instincts does not unite, but divides men; and the real function of art is to bring them together by a sense of their common humanity. And that is why it is a good thing, in spite of every drawback, that the various aspects of mind and feeling should meet and clash on a stage open to all. In them alone can superiority assert itself and deformities or deficiencies be plainly seen. What does it matter if many a Midas shakes his long ears as he passes a masterpiece, and goes into ecstasies over mere rubbish? Truth flows and murmurs underground, and the motion of life throws off rot and mildew. The blessing of freedom is that it hastens growth and maturity, and at the same time the fall and decay of stunted or poisonous plants. The public gets educated at its own risk, which is the only way; but it is of age, it can smile for a while and soon tire of empty rhodomontade; it has a basis of logic which makes it aware of the hollowness and vanity of passing fashions. Can criticism help? It is an open question. Reduced very nearly to the part of a breathless guide, and suspected, sometimes with reason, of interested partiality, it often lacks lucidity of mind and decision of judgment. Praise, and unrestricted praise, has become the one thing expected, and the severity of criticism never falls on any but the truest artists of our time. Admiration is very rarely grounded on broad and simple foundations; we seldom feel that opinions are animated by an underlying principle apart from mere dogmatism. A critic who by long experience has learned that his instinct and his reason alike guide him to choose the best, is entitled to think that he has acquired the right of insisting with growing emphasis on the basis of his passionate convictions and asserting in his own way the exact proportions and values of interest. This, to my mind, is the sole justification of criticism, as it is, I am sure, the best reward it can hope for.

There are things which are too explicit, and others which are explicit enough. Only what is supremely fine needs or deserves

exegesis. Simple it may be, to be sure, and grand; but what, as a rule, is least understood is simplicity or grandeur. And it must be subtle too; for grandeur without subtlety is ponderous and empty. The delight of the eye is merely a means of introducing us to the hidden beauties of sensibility and intellect. A work of art is the presentment of a thought, a pictorial and picturesque metaphor, at once clothing and revealing the divinations of the mind and the intuitions of the heart.

Such a work is a *Study from Nature* by Eugène Carrière, full of learning, emotion, and thought. No preconceived scheme chills the impression felt and vividly communicated by the artist. Life itself has furnished the subject: the present hour dignified by remembrance and thrilling with hope of the morrow. A young artist, diffident but eager, is passionately studying the model whose mystery of beauty he is trying to master. In his eyes we see a prayerful look, tender, determined, and anxious. The look and the action are so intimately one that we feel the magnetic current from the brain guiding the hands. That which kneads the clay is clenched; that which models it is gently caressing. We feel its victory without violence, the quiet absorption of one human being by another; and this is expressed no less by the sculptor's gesture than by the passive subjection of the model with her relaxed fingers. This intimate truth is set forth with a lofty sobriety superior to all secondary details of beauty, which impresses us with the simple perfection of form; the modeling lives by sheer force of proportion and tone, without circumscribing lines. The learning is not forced on us, the handling is inscrutable in its methods, prodigious in its results; matter is transfigured, as it were, and the spirit alone is shown. Such art as this frees the human being from superficial matter and reveals its inmost essence and reality; it throws the quivering touch of light, like an intangible fluid, on the soul behind the features; it transports us to another world, and extends the limits of pictorial expression to the verge of musical expression. The whole is held together by the fluent atmosphere enveloping and sustaining

ED. AMAN-JEAN.
Confidences (decorative panel .

SALON OF 1904.



Copy of the painting by A. Mac. 1841.

L.-H.-M. FRÉDERIC.
A Little Dutch Girl.

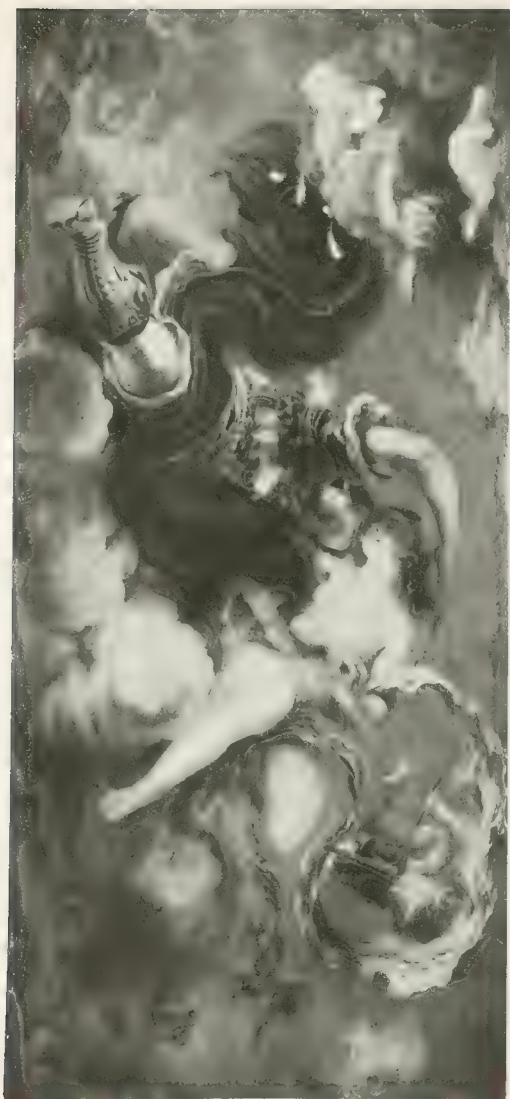
SALON OF 1904





L. ANQUETIN.
Ceiling (Rinaldo and Armida).
[Belonging to M. Empain]

SALON OF 1904.



the figures, wrapping them in its mysterious thrill. We find the same unity of purpose, the same inevitable and subtle connection of forms and tones, and gradations of distance in *Family Portraits*, where the child, seen in the foreground, artlessly unconscious, is the indispensable link between the smiling mother and the thoughtful father. In this, as befits the subject, the light setting of a bodice, the warmth brought out in the flesh, the rosy vitality perceived through the play of light, give a less austere and solemn quality to a work which is as strong as it is delightful. Such painting, so loftily conceived, so impressive, is a conquest of Nature; it can only proceed from a mind which looks on life forearmed with knowledge, and full of the open and eager inquiry of a man who is for ever surprised by her fresh self-revelation. The sentiment of the passing hour renews for him the fragrance of memory, and each work shows a new vista of truth. With an unfinished appearance, which is the result of a bold choice of the means of expression, it carries the spirit into the mysterious beyond, to a limitless horizon. These figures have all the softness and fluid warmth of life; their quivering freshness and originality charm us, and at the same time we feel in them something inevitably true which gives them a sense of fatefulness and immortality. We recognize and meet them, again and again, like the ever-longed-for Eurydice.

This manner of transfiguring and lending distance to reality, of finding out the permanent element and essential charm of things, is not so much a falsification as a revelation, a generalization. Methods may vary, but this principle of translation is to be seen in every master. Thus it was by the deepest thought and most learned generalization that a painter whose death is a loss to the whole world of art achieved such marvelously simple, subtle, and powerful effects. What Whistler aimed at was to harmonize the gesture and attitude of a sitter with the idea he had formed of his nature; to attune the tone and scale of color to the grave, or tender, or refined, or virile impression made on his mind by each individual. Such a figure, for instance, as this,

though unfinished, which he called a *Harmony in Rose and Violet*, perfect in its degree, is enough to reveal his nervous, sensitive, and essentially musical genius. It would be impossible to express the gentle and rather melancholy grace of a woman by a sort of secret but solid modeling, with richer depth of tone, more reserved glow, and choicer simplicity; or to embody more exquisitely her personal charm and spiritual fragrance. It was not necessary, perhaps, to place in her hand the dark iris which pitches the keynote. The woman herself is the flower, proud but artless, with a genuine sweetness which is not common with Whistler. This touch of sentiment, this slight affectedness, hardly detracts from the beauty and simplicity of the work, but gives it added meaning by recalling a fashion adopted by the artist, and then imitated from him, so difficult is it for even the rarest and most refined to grasp pure Nature. Nor does it signify. This free and sympathetic treatment, this musical incarnation of feeling and thought, are what make Whistler a man apart. He was the despotic and responsive poet of colored harmonies which preserve, with the peculiar stamp of a period and of a phase of society, all the finality of eternal symbolism.

The same profound charm, the same synthetical power are to be seen again in a study of the nude *Rose and Green*, so real and so immaterial; in *The Story-teller, green and gold*, keenly psychological; and in a simple *View of a House at Dieppe, green and grey*, which is a gem of subtle illumination.

The French School, too, has its subtle painters, and they might, perhaps, learn from Whistler that the highest distinction is no more than a sublimated rendering of Nature. Aman-Jean has discovered this; he, who used to paint with rather peeky mannerism, is winning his way to simplicity and power now that fuller and firmer modeling is filling out the angular, flaccid outlines of his figures. His decorative panel, *Confidences*, is a sterling piece of work, in which the subdued coloring and the pleasing accompaniment of a visionary landscape harmonize with the whispering tones and sentimental grace of two

H. GERVEX.

Louis XVI. and Parmentier: decorative panel.

SALON OF 1904.



A. E. DINET.
Running amuck.

SALON OF 1904.



G. LA TOUCHE
An Embrace.

SALON OF 1864.



pensive maidens. This brave return to saner methods is no less marked in a *Portrait*, full of life and spirit, and boldly treated as a likeness. Poets can tell us everything with a touch that is all their own. A very thin veil hangs between Maurice Denis and the truth he feels, though it would seem that he cannot, or dares not, seize it. I like the sweetness of his invention immensely, and I feel that he fears to blight the flower of sentiment by too rough a touch. What lovely things we may find in his decorative panel, *Women and Children on the sea-shore*! What artless gestures, what sweet, pure, shivering maiden nudity, what a chaste and tender sensuousness under the sun of Eden! *Eleazar and Rebecca* have met in a quiet nook of France. A *Mythological Subject* is flooded with a glow of harmonious color; and the three children seated round a table are adorably infantine. All this I feel deeply and acknowledge without hesitation, and yet I would have a more manly note and a firmer grip on things, without detriment, however, to the sweet legendary atmosphere. It would be hard to find a figure more clearly understood, or set on the canvas with firmer decision, more assertively true in outline and fulness of modeling, than Léon Frédéric's little *Peasant Girl*, a hooded Flemish maiden, pink and brown; in it this eager spirit has concentrated with loving care all his unique feeling for humble innocence. All these pictures are characterized by remarkable tenderness of feeling; by dissimilar ways they lead us direct to humanity, captivate us, teach us to love and to think.

It is somewhat difficult to appreciate decorative painting apart from the place it is intended to fill. The artist who executes the decoration must adapt his work to the architectural lines he has to carry out and poetize. There are, however, certain general laws he must obey, and we can judge how far he has respected them. If the building to be decorated is in some great and ancient city, he will seek in its history, and in the political, social, and intellectual part assigned to it by nature or by the course of events, some characteristic subject. We know how nobly Puvis de Chavannes did this for Amiens and Rouen,

Lyons and Marseilles. Nantes, a vast commercial city, not purely Breton, but rather on the borderland of Brittany and France, has a distinctive character; its history is the record of tragical and solemn events influencing the fate of both races. M. Berteaux, commissioned to decorate the grand staircase of the Nantes Museum, has produced a vast canvas not devoid of merit: a procession of *Mystical Brittany*. The choice of the subject is open to discussion. But, taking it as we find it, let us see what the decorative artist has made of it. Against a light background of sea and sky and cliffs, these panathenaic figures of Brittany are seen, sinuous but rather heavy and gloomy, leaving a vast expanse empty to the left. Will it be possible on a staircase to get far enough away to take in at a glance so vast a scene, which rather lacks balance, but the general effect of which, it must be granted, is not devoid of grandeur? And would it not have been more logical to distribute the interest on the whole length of the panel, and to divide the procession into several characteristic groups, somewhat in the manner of those in Mantegna's *Triumphs*? The effect obtained by the artist, who has put much conscientious talent into his work, is that of a panorama, or of a magnified genre picture, rather than of a mural decoration in parts co-ordinated to a whole.

Prouvé exhibits a ceiling, painted for the great hall of the Préfecture at Nancy. The subject chosen is the *Reunion of Lorraine to France*. The composition is graceful, light and flowing. But the principal figures are too slender and do not assert themselves, while the color is so light as to be vaporous, and lacks solidity and emphasis. The impression given is rather of a freely handled sketch than of a mature and finished work.

Anquetin is the Proteus of contemporary painters. Gifted with indisputable talent and dexterity, he rubs up against the old Masters, and, as caprice may lead him, he finds inspiration in the works of the Italian, Spanish, or Flemish schools, or in those of the French romantics. How can we grasp or hold an elusive personality that seems

A. BERTON.
Persuasion.

SALON OF 1904.



G. DUBUFE.
A Comparison (pastel)

SALON OF 1904.



P.-A. LAURENS
A Dance.

SALON OF 1894



almost ubiquitous? This ceiling—*Rinaldo and Armida*—is certainly not devoid of distinction. The central group of the lovers borne on clouds has movement, ease and fervid grace. But why this tanned and smoke-dried coloring? Why this golden mellowness, which time alone should give to a picture?

The decorative panel by Gervex : *Louis XVI. and Parmentier on the Plaine des Sablons*, is cool and pleasant in tone. By a successful study of various contemporary prints the artist has composed with much taste a scene which in fact hardly deserved to be treated on such a large scale. To commemorate an event of minor importance the eighteenth century would have been quite satisfied with a less pretentious work. And if the result appears a little chilly it is not the painter's fault. Another decorative piece seems well suited to its purpose : *The Orchard by the sea*, by Aubur-tin. This painting is part of the decoration of the dining-room at the Sorbonne. Set forth in a light and cheerful key, simple and graceful in its lines, the pleasing figures which people the scene harmonize with its peacefulness. The eyes of the diners will rest contentedly on a work well fitted to serve as a background to festivity and relaxation. May I add that the artist's inventiveness has sometimes been bolder and more original, and the drawing of his figures firmer?

Of all classes of painting that which can least endure to be below the level of nature is decorative work. Some afflatus, feeble or sublime, is always indispensable, a wing-stroke to waft it above the earth. It admits of no fetters, of nothing sordid or pinched. As its aim is to appeal from afar to a collection of men it must arouse the eternal deep and simple emotions which make the whole world kin, and the ideas which bring our spirits into harmony by suggesting our common origin and common fate. It is, in fact, the most religious form of art. Essential to it is the lyric strain which lends dignity and poetry to the most ordinary everyday things. Just as on the stage or in public speaking, poverty of

ideas and insincerity of feeling are supremely resented, so in the painting which takes a solid wall to cover it with work meant for eternity, any parody of human emotion, any triviality of presentment are peculiarly intolerable. Society is now so frittered that it has lost the true sense of decorative art together with the sense of unity. The *Mairie* is an office; it has ceased to be the "Town Hall." As a center where common interests might be discussed, where ideas, and hopes, and unanimous aspirations caught fire by friction, it has almost ceased to exist. Each man dwells in his own cell, bent over his individual task; and it is only by a personal effort that an artist can throw in his lot with other men. He is not borne up, as he was of old, on the structure of social existence; he has to find in his own mind and isolated feelings such emotional and intelligible symbols as may concentrate for a moment, by a generalized idea, a crowd of beings scattered by life, and narrowed by segregation, who have forfeited the habit of feeling, thinking, and willing as one man. Consequently most of these so-called decorative works are mere pictures: genre-subjects, incidents, landscapes, expanded and distended to emptiness. And, as a rule, how insignificant are the ideas set before us! If the town to be illustrated has a river, large or small, we shall have a few barges and a man angling; if it has a seaport, a crab or a lobster is considered sufficiently symbolical of its commercial activity. In point of fact the reinstatement of public art can only take its rise in a general elevation of public social feeling. If the disintegration of mind and purpose, of which Balzac wrote so long ago as in 1830, ever comes to an end, if the fierce individualism which seems to have reached its climax during the closing years of the Empire ever dies of its own excess, if the modern township should become once more a living and harmonious organic entity, it is possible that the art which appeals to the people may live again. Let us hope so for the sake of our posterity.

Among the rather rare works of imagination to be seen in the

G. COURTOIS.

"*Apollino*."

SALON OF 1904.



H. CARO-DELVAILLE.

"My Wife and her Sisters."

SALON OF 1904.



Salon, Dinet's Arab scenes deserve particular mention. I confess that to me it is an effort to throw myself into this very special genre, which appeals to us with undeniable force of expression, and a powerful gift for observing manners and scenes so strangely remote from our own. Dinet has assimilated, to an almost incredible extent, the modes of life, feeling and thought of this Eastern world. It is, I believe, an unique instance of Orientalism. Others see the surface of things as students or mere tourists; he has read the very soul of Islam, its poetry and its frenzies. In *Running amuck* ("Un Forcené"), he sets before us one of those rages of fanaticism which set a man beside himself, and drive him, like the Bacchantes of antiquity, like an unchained force of nature, to acts of fury. All this moving group—the man rushing on and his pursuers—is flung on the canvas with splendid spontaneity. Still, I prefer another picture by the same artist, as full of color and glow as a story from the "Arabian Nights:" the *Daughters of the Djenn in the water*: in this the freedom and sinuous grace of the maiden nude, the satin sheen of the silks, the jewels, the many-tinted wings, form a delightful combination, a vibrant cloud of imagination and realism, a harmonious blending of poetical feeling and truth.

La Touche lets his fancy play in another sphere. This artist's skill and spirit are beyond dispute. The freedom of his brushwork, the brilliant and confident readiness of his execution, with his bold frank treatment of form and color, are well-known to us, and show more individuality every year. The *Embrace* is a work of single purpose set forth with unerring decision and *fling*, and matchless dexterity.

L. Picard is not content to give us the obvious effects of life. He tries to poetize his figures by wrapping them in a sort of luminous haze, a shroud or mantle of moonlight or sunshine. In such a halo of radiant atmosphere we find his *Women walking on the sea-shore* floating, rather like apparitions hardly touching the

ground. The danger is lest form and expression alike should too completely evaporate, and the intentional artifice leave reality too entirely out of account, without achieving the suggestive force of a dream.

Anglada exaggerates, to my mind, the unreality of his gorgeous but grim presentments of life. In his *Night-Restaurant* and *Garden Concert*, he shows us, under the crude electric lights, Faun-like women in evening dress, with animal faces and smiles like a death's head. Amid the froth and fuss of light materials, with their lean skeleton legs, they have a painful resemblance to gorillas or witches.

These fantastic exercises of the brush are not to me, I own, convincing. They are too suggestive of the sensational number of a magazine provided for jaded tastes. A feeling for humanity and a love of truth are equally lacking. The malign determination to show the deformity of nature, dislocated and boneless, is too evident, while the artist's purpose remains obscure. Art is allowed indeed to create monstrosities, so long as a fine natural tact preserves it from infringing certain laws of proportion, continuity and analogy. It may thus succeed in giving a logical semblance of truth even to impossibilities; the monsters conceived of by Goya, or by Edgar Poë, force themselves on our acceptance by their appalling possibility.

Here are more attractive fancies. A. Berton's delicate sentiment, and his light, free, caressing brush give an essentially French charm to his *Ingénue*. A Marquise of a long-past day, convincing herself that her complexion has nothing to fear from the tender pink of a rose, is Dubufe's *Comparison*. At the foot a marble stair leading to a terrace planted with cypress and orange trees, a group of girls are dancing in a ring: this is *A Dance* by Albert Laurens. A youthful god, black-haired and amber-skinned, plays his lyre to charm a bevy of girls; this is *Apollino*, by G. Courtois; a little modernized Apollo, daintily mythological.

C. COTTET.

Women of Plougastel-Daoulas at a "Pardon," Sainte Anne la Palud.

SALON OF 1904.



L. SIMON.
Portrait of M. Jacques Blanche.

SALON 111 111.



The English painter, Conder, infuses into his fine feeling of nature a sweet musical dreaminess which reminds us of Watteau. *The Fountain*, and *The Promenade* are delightful pastorals, full of the floating fragrance of the Arcady of a past day. Ch. Guérin is not to be overlooked. With a somewhat rugged manner he has a strong sense of decoration and color; *In the Park* is a powerful work, full of talent. It is only to be wished that the charm of it were less fettered by a heaviness of nature over which the artist has not altogether triumphed. Jules Flandrin, again, seems to have something interesting to say to us, but his methods are a curious mixture of audacity and timidity, of breadth and small finish. His *Masquerade*, and *Virgin and Child* have some admirable passages, but their affected *naïveté* is, to my mind, rather disconcerting.

Rupert Bunny, the Australian artist, exhibits a harmonious work: *After the Bath*, in which a quite personal sense of color is seen through an obvious reminiscence of the Venetian decorative masters. In *The Bathers*, by Houyoux (a Belgian), the nude figure of a woman is one of the best in the Salon.

The contributions of Caro-Delvaile are most interesting this year. Neither of the works he exhibits is faultless, and this young painter might have satisfied us more completely. But we recognize in them his ambition to expand his views and a conscious effort to refine his power of insight, and that is the important point. These pictures are not final achievements, but strides forward in an undefined direction. First we have *Summer*, a powerful and vigorous nude, sensuous but wholesome. The bust of this figure is a really fine thing, the pearly pulpiness of living womanhood is happily rendered, and the soberly rich background throws it up in a satisfactory manner, though a slightly over-emphatic treatment mars the calm glow of the whole effect. But the head, alike in type and in expression, does not match the full, ripe figure, and the table, loaded with fruit and flowers, and crowded into the fore-

ground, is worse than useless. Caro-Delvaille's other picture, *My Wife and her Sisters*, is quite charming with its peaceful animation, its silvery sheen of color, and the alert sweetness of the heads. The figures of the girls seated at a chess-board while one passes lightly across the background, and the accessories about them are all delicately felt and stamped with quiet ease. But the young mother nursing her infant seems an afterthought, a stopgap, disturbs the unity and distracts attention. The charm is there nevertheless; both works lack unity of conception, but they are full of talent and of promise.

I now turn to a group of artists who have endowed our school with much originality of purpose, and, making a place for themselves, deliberately pursue the road they have chosen. Though akin by natural affinity, each has his own individuality. Cottet, being more genial, has the strongest infusion of the aroma of the soil; he is closest to Nature. He is refined in spite of apparent rusticity, and displays a fondness for the harshest aspects of life. As painter in chief of Brittany the austere, he shows again this year, with considerable breadth and keenness, the wide and desolate curves of its cliffs. In the *Fête-day* he has enlivened this stern reality by the cheerful brightness of women's costumes under the summer sunshine. The open sky, the wide down, and scattered groups of figures, the weather-beaten church overshadowed by tall trees — all is true, firm and intense; the accessories in the foreground are a feast of flowing and golden color to the eye. But why is it not carried out in the dresses and faces of the important central group? Why those dull, heavy caps, and above all those rigid, lifeless faces? In Nature there is more variety, light and shade. That it must be qualified in painting I quite understand, but the relations remain unchanged, and what is lacking here is the subtlety of tones and values, the atmosphere which "pulls the picture together."

Lucien Simon is an artist of keen lucidity, who expresses exactly



J. E. BLANCHE
Mozart's Cherubino.

Revised and enlarged edition of the original
by J. E. Blanche, M. A., and J. E. Blanche, M. A.
London: J. E. Blanche, 1894.

8vo. 10s. 6d.



P.-A. BESNARD.
Portrait of H.I.H. Princess Mathilde.

SALON O. 1001.



what he wants to say, and grasps the obvious character of the facts; but we might fancy that he was on his guard against all charm, and I must confess that his present manner, intelligent but arid, makes me regret his more emotional early work. His *Portrait of Jacques Blanche* is certainly truthful, but feeling and selection are wanting, and the consequence is that the head, though thoroughly understood, with its expression of restless attention, is impoverished rather than ennobled. This diffidence, based though it be on an anxious care for truth, drags the work down to a pitch below the truth. The same is noticeable in the *Mass, Brittany*. The composition is logical and severe; the heads, seen against the light, are not brighter nor more animated than they should be. And yet it is a disappointing picture, because it wants just a touch of force or grace. The determined severity of the setting and manner has stifled the expression of character, the heads lack vitality and dignity. One face only, that of a lean, colorless peasant, gives a strong idea of the tenacious pride of the race. The others are too summary in treatment, and do not achieve poetic truth.

Jacques Blanche, sympathetic, ingenious, and irresolute, exercises his talent in many directions. I delight in his portraits, delicately felt and thought out, broadly and synthetically drawn. This of *M. Barrès* is perhaps a little too elegiac, and not the whole truth about the sitter; still, as we see it, it is very attractive. But can this figure in fancy dress, with its airy, dainty archness, the embodiment of vanity rather than of passion, be Mozart's *Cherubino*? Is this *Cherubino*, the modern Eros, in the first consciousness of sense and love? Jacques Blanche, I fear, is plucking the lotos blossoms of Berenice's garden. I much prefer to such tricks of hand, and subtleties of meaning the simple, quiet *Study of a Girl*.

Portraits are many this year, and several are noteworthy. Those exhibited by Besnard of *An English Admiral* and of the *Princess*

Mathilde are old pictures, and tell us nothing new about this dexterous artist. One reveals the keen and penetrating assurance of the physiognomist; the other shows us his power of enhancing a fine woman's face by the use of light and color. Carolus-Duran displays his usual skill in his portraits of women and children, and has freely bestowed on a *Sponge-seller*, who carries his misery proudly, the wealth of his richest tones of black. The *Portrait of Lord Ribblesdale*, by John Sargent, is a solid and serious work, impressive in its tones of black and tawny brown. Perfect grace and refinement characterize John Lavery's *Lady in pink* and flowery *Springtime*. His choiceness of subject and a sober flush of color appeal to me greatly; I only beg to remind this painter that Whistler always expressed the actuality and solidity of the body under the drapery. There are some good homely portraits, such as that of the *Bey of Tunis* by Aublet—quite reassuring for the French protectorate. And there are some which are rather puzzling, like that of *M. J. L.*, by La Gandara, wrapped in a mysterious atmosphere, but lacking in depth.

I can hardly express my admiration of the portraits by Made-moiselle Boznanska. They quiver with nervous vitality. They seem blown on to the canvas, hardly materialized, and yet through the light, fluid handling which asserts itself only in exactly the right places, we feel the solid structure and a precise apprehension of substance. The mind lights up the eyes, the spirit of the individual speaks to us. I find nothing more charming, more thoroughly womanly, than the *Portrait of a lady*; the silvery grey dress, the tremulous light in the eyes, the quiet attitude, the gentle tranquil grace, attract and rivet the attention; we tear ourselves with regret from the mysterious spell. Here is what we ask of a portrait; something more than a mere literal likeness. The firmest will, the profoundest learning are not enough to bring to light that impalpable thing, the sitter's soul. The artist is a fisher in deep waters; his sympathy must enter into the human spirit whose

E.-A. CAROLUS-DURAN.
Portrait of the Comtesse de G..

SALON OF 1894.



J. LAVERY.
The Lady in pink.

SALES OF 1904.



secret he is to reveal to us; he must live in it, assimilate its thoughts, its mode of feeling, if he ever hopes to discover and express the true expression which is never brought out by the photographer's plate. And I am no less charmed, in Mademoiselle Boznanska's work, by a suggestion of timidity which, in fact, is real strength. She makes no display of manly audacity, but what power of mind and expression lies in her delightfully murmurous undertone! Mademoiselle Delasalle has a great deal of talent, and she would show it to better advantage if she balanced her effects with care. Her portraits of *Dr. L. M.* and of *Le Gout-Gérard*, the painter, are good; her brush is vigorous and bold, but the second more especially affects too much assertiveness; it is but half-satisfactory. Again, I cannot wholly like the *Portrait of Camille Lemonnier* by Claus. I do not deny the literal truth of the general effect. The Belgian writer is seen in the open sunshine, in the open country, but under this light the modeling of the features is lost in a springtide glare, and the very light blue eyes look glassy. The individuality of the sitter is swallowed up by the all-devouring blaze, and is volatilized in the glow. Weerts, besides some small portraits of great people, exhibits a portrait on a larger scale of his daughter Jeanne. It is excellent, and full of keen and refined insight.

The Danish painter Paulsen has attacked the difficult task of depicting a group of men brought together by common tastes and interests, seated round a table. They are, as the catalogue tells us, artists. The setting is sober and severe, the heads are animated and bear the stamp of work and intellect. Each face is interesting in itself, and highly remarkable as a portrait. The figure on the right, more particularly, and another in the background to the left, are full of character and not easily forgotten. And yet the mind of the spectator is not wholly satisfied. We wonder what these men are doing round the green cloth. Are they discussing some common interests? No doubt; but if so, why should two of the

party at least seem to be indifferent to the matter? Or are they merely grouped haphazard as studies? In that case we should look for a little more ease and less solemnity. The common interest that connects these personages is not sufficiently clear. Nevertheless, each portrait has its distinctly marked character; and, as a picture, the work is strongly composed and carried out with fine decision, so that we are ready to overlook all shortcomings and admire the unity and logical truth of the luminous effect.

I may mention two more firmly and broadly treated portraits: that of *Gumery*, by R. Woog, and that of *R. Woog*, by Gumery. Jean Veber tries to raise a laugh by slightly caricaturing the features of his sitters, and he certainly is quite successful. We turn with interest to Boldini's spirited work, suggesting the high-stepping capers of a horse, and then to René Ménard's meditative calm; to Sain's simple, cordial style, as shown in his *Portrait of a Girl*, and the charming *Mussel Gatherers*; to the synthetical breadth of Kousnetzoff, a Russian; till we are glad to pause awhile before a pleasing *Family Portrait* as painted by G. Lambert with a background of Scotch landscape.

Then comes the crowded throng of *intimistes* — painters of domestic incident who show us the familiar aspects of life and murmur pleasing confidences. A girl warming herself, another seeking ribbands in a drawer — these are enough to enable Saglio to embody the habits of a quiet life. Le Sidaner is freeing himself from his rather wrong-headed manner of painting in little dabs, which made everything appear to be seen through ground glass. Still, his vacant rooms seem to be haunted by the absent. *Dessert*, spread on a table, awaits the guests who should eat it; *The Terrace*, basking in mild sunshine, is bereft of the fair ladies who sat there but just now. There is a subtle secret in this art which reveals the invisible and suggests more than it tells. The spirit of things is the emanation we perceive when we look at them with loving and comprehending eyes, and this language,

J. J. WEERTS.
Portrait of the Artist's daughter.

SALON OF 1904.



F. GUIGUET.
An Interior.

SALON OF 1904.



not understood by the unintelligent, since it evades the arid facts of realism, is apprehended by none better than by Madame Lisbeth-Delvolvé. Her peculiarly feminine and emotional manner of vitalizing the soul of flowers, with a cunning play of reflected light, in a still soft atmosphere, has, this year, gained in decisiveness and breadth. *An Interior*, *Yellow Azalea*, and *Still Life*, in which the copper vessels are so delicately handled, show, even more than her earlier work, spirit, freedom and rapid accuracy.

Guignet, without fuss or melodrama, paints the calm uniformity of laborious days. This elegant draughtsman has captured some of Chardin's homely charm, and this year he seems to me to have given a newer note of pleasing color to the *Interior* where a woman at a frame is absorbed in her embroidery, while a little girl in a pretty attitude sits sewing with puckered up fingers; in her soft pinks and purplish greys she is a particularly delightful figure in a well-toned picture. Delachaux aims at the same qualities, and carries on his studies in the same surroundings. More careful of his atmosphere, he shows us with a little superfluous softness the graces of *Marie and Germaine*, two girls of the working class. The congenial simplicity of the people interests the artist and calls him back to nature; it is far more difficult to treat middle-class life without affectation or insipidity. Its manners are more acquired and artificial, the whole environment is less genuine. Cut off from their lower origin and enduring nothing on a higher level, the middle classes often nowadays seem out of their element amid the luxury which is not in keeping with their inherited habits and ideas. The furniture they live with has lost the comfortable homelike aspect which spoke at a glance of a sense of order and permanence. We no longer feel in it the presence of the Spirit of home under whose influence even inanimate objects have a touch of human sympathy. And it is a significant symptom that most present-day painters succeed better in reviving the charm of the past than in embodying that of our own time. See, for instance,

The Remains of the Feast, *The Green Parlor*, and *The Yellow Sofa* by Prinnet, that clever and clear-sighted master of genre. Can the feeling of a room which has kept its old-world aspect be better expressed, and its furniture stamped with memories of the past? Only the few figures he introduces do not seem to be part and parcel of the picture. Walter Gay displays genuine talent in his presentation of the wood, marble and gilding of sober and elegant interiors. But why select none but old-world interiors? Is it only by the lapse of years that objects acquire artistic value and meaning in our eyes? Chardin did not think so, nor Terborch, nor Pieter de Hoogh. Where is the Chardin of our day, the French Dutchman who will record in a fresh language, not only the setting which befits such gracious phantoms, but the color and arrangement, the minor details of our present daily life? The fuss and restlessness of contemporary life have certainly not eliminated our love of home and of domestic habits. We have not all of us lost the faculty of attaching ourselves to every-day things, and extracting from them the ambrosia and honey they contain. In northern countries, where home-life is more serious, more intimate and more genial, we may find more than one artist who can make a work of art out of a meeting of friends, a party of musicians, a visit, or even less — of a family at home with a sense of home. If this home feeling is becoming rarer in art perhaps it is because it is rarer in real life. I do not complain because air and light are admitted into our houses to brighten and purify them, but the cruder daylight dispels the "dim religious light" that is propitious to remembrance. The present drives out the past rather rudely; we cease to realize the wise man's wish: To have energy enough to live and peace enough to feel that we live. No longer do we see lying on ladies' work-tables the mysterious scented boxes which contained the fine, slowly-wrought embroidery. The objects we collect about us are for show rather than for use. We are more or less at home in an hotel, and in an hotel when at home.

P.-G. JEANNIOT.
The Hôtel Ritz (June 1903).

SALON OF 1904.



J. BÉRAUD.
The Club.

SALON OF 1904.





F. H. MORISSET.
Portrait of Madame S... and her son.

SALON OF 1914.



Jeannot, a sprightly observer of fashionable life, has, in his *Hôtel Ritz*, noted with much spirit the gay flutter of gossip round five o'clock tea-tables. Albert Guillaume paints a wedding with a keen eye for the attitudes of the guests struggling to get into the sacristy; again he depicts the annoyance of petitioners stranded in some magnate's anteroom, and swallowing the affront of *An Abuse of Power*. I prefer these to his *Classical Music*, in which the unconcealed weariness of one listener and more decent boredom of another, a lady, verge on caricature. J. Béraud, reverting to his first and best manner, has a clever group in *The Smoking-room* of a club where the members are sleepily digesting their dinner in a cloud of cigar smoke. In a pleasingly colored picture, Albert Truchet has harmonized the too glaring tones of *A Night Restaurant*, and Minartz shows us *A Waltz at the Moulin de la Galette*.

Two Sisters, and *A Geography Lesson*, by Moreau-Nélaton, bring us back to home life. They are crisp and smart in execution, but expression is somewhat lacking. *The Reprimand*, and *The Woman in White* are all right in feeling, and only lack a little spring and backbone. Rosset-Granger, in *Covetousness* and *A Surprise*, shows his usual refinement. Hugues de Beaumont, in his *Game of Chess*, is a little rigid. *The Last Draught*, by Robert Besnard, in its freedom of draughtmanship and well composed color, reveals a talent of great promise. *The Gust of Wind* again, by Marcel Clément, is well composed, but the figures are too heavy in tone and not surrounded by atmosphere. Another picture, also a *Gust of Wind*, by the Spaniard Castelucho, is painted with much *brio*; and the same painter exhibits a very good portrait of a lady. Another good student of manners, especially of provincial manners, is Hochard. The official *Procession at the Festivities in honor of Joan of Arc* is cleverly composed and firmly painted, but the color is hard. In his Parisian scenes as the *Exhibition of the National Society*, the figures date from the day before yesterday. On the other hand, we may see in the gallery downstairs some

studies of working men and of Russian soldiers thoroughly grasped and true in tone, in some drawings heightened with body-color.

In the Anglo-Saxon school many are the descendants of Whistler. It is inevitable that a great artist should impress his way of seeing things on those whom he impresses at all. Hence in genre and domestic scenes, and no less in portraits than in the nude, we trace the influence of his elaborate simplicity in much English and American work. Friezeke is one of the worthiest of the deceased painter's followers. Though *The Dancing Girl* and *The Green Ribband* are rather careless in the choice of form and color, the nude figure he calls *In front of the Mirror* is a really exquisite thing. I like no less the *Jewels* by Georges Aid, in which a white dress and a graceful woman are so elegantly suggested. *The Brush up, Night*, and *An Assignment* by Maurer are refined studies of movement and effects of light; we feel in them a sense of quiet harmonies and comprehensive insight. The same artistic principles, applied to very various subjects, give peculiar distinction to Miss How's *Kitchen*, to Miss Halford's *Réverie*, and *The Café* by Haweis; *Treasures*, by Miss Powers; and *An Interior*, by Miss Sands. A strong individuality asserts itself in Rosen's *Nocturne*, in which the tone and the expressive gesture harmonize admirably. Another *Nocturne*, thoroughly Parisian, by Szekely, is less closely akin to this phase of art inspired by mystery and addicted to spiritualizing every object of the real and common-place.

The inhabitants of great cities are grateful to anyone who can bring to them the cool refreshment of the open country and sunlit air. We love to get away, to lead in fancy lives which we like to think must be less complicated, and, so far, happier than our own. The attractions of rural simplicity will always fascinate civilized citizens. Who has not envied the landscape-painter seizing nature in her waking hour, and watching the changing light from morning till evening? It is natural, then, that landscape and the presentment of rustic life should still fill so large a place in contem-



MARCEL-CLÉMENT
A Gust of wind.

SALON OF 1904



Miss [illegible]

J. F. RAFFAELLI.
Brittany. A little river.

SALON OF 1904.



F. THAULOW.
Plane trees.

SALON OF 1904.



porary art, and that, after the 1830 school, and the phase of impressionism, so many painters should even now strive after the secret of the emotional charm of the fields and the seashore. Now that man no longer thinks of himself as an empire within an empire, but feels that he is bound by strong mysterious links to the life of the universe, he has pored with greater curiosity over those kindred forms and objects which answer so directly to his dreams and ideas. One single theme, immense and infinitely various, lends itself to the most diverse interpretations. Some artists are more keenly alive to the permanent characteristics of its features; others to the effects of light which clothe them in gorgeous or tender array. There are hours when everything quivers with light and gladness, and others when every detail is drowned in the silent melancholy of remembrance.

Raffaëlli gives new life to old subjects, with his strong drawing full of movement, and his bright harmonious coloring. His landscapes from Brittany have a sparkling freshness and an alacrity of treatment which are quite original. *The Mill*, with its brown and russet golden tone is gorgeous, racy and spirited. *The Little River*, and *The White House*, again, are set before us with happy facility. And through all we discern assured knowledge, with a youthful originality of the most captivating kind. Thaulow spans the earth with skies of fluid moisture; the living breath of nature has passed into his canvas and paint. Here, in the misty autumn air, the *Plane trees* are shedding their last brown leaves in the wind, to join those which have bordered the soaked roadway with a carpet of dull purple. *The Dordogne* shivers and ripples between sunlit banks. *Evening* shoots a sunbeam on the roof of a house slumbering in the depths of a park.

Morrice, the Canadian artist, is one of the most sympathetic colorists who have come to the front of late years. His key of color vibrates tenderly in a softening atmosphere. This delicate, secretive glow is a delight to the eye. *The Quai des Grands-*

Augustins, with lamps quivering in the pallid wintry twilight; the *Plage de Paramé*, with the fawn-grey sand heightened by creamy white; and *Out at Sea*, happy in its drawing and richly hot in tone, are all the work of a perfect colorist. Among the French Lebourg does credit to his spontaneous accuracy of eye and the broad freedom of his brush. Lebasque exhibits spring and summer landscapes, suffused with fresh light or glowing heat. Both these painters are impressionists. René Ménard, on the contrary, inspired alike by Poussin and by Claude Lorrain, composes his landscapes in the classic taste, and paints the setting sun shrouded in golden mist and softly illuminating the nude figure of a woman bathing. The peace of quiet hours, the poetry of level lines stretching into the distance, appeal to this noble intellect. Graduated distance and bold outlines are equally characteristic of Dauchez. His views in Brittany: *The Lagoons*, *The Odet*, *Kérandran* and *Under the Oaks*, are solidly and finely drawn, and his coloring has gained in variety and force, though still rather monotonous. But definite thought and delicate, mystical feeling underlie and support his impressionism. In Moullé's landscapes we find fine masses, solid and glowing in the warm light of evening; outlines which melt and half vanish in the fairy gleam of twilight characterize *Moonlight* by Billotte, and again by Meslé. In *The Rising Storm* (moonlight effect), by Dauphin, we feel the motion of the heavy clouds parting to let a beam of light through, which is mirrored in the gloomy sea. Braquaval has some good Northern shores; Desmoulins, seaports in Holland, silently wrapped in snow. The brothers Griveau and Boulard, recall the painters of 1830; Gaston Prunier shows a bold and very independent spirit; *The Saw-mills of the Quai de Javel*, and *Sunday on the Fortifications*, though powerful and sad in coloring, please me no less than *Twilight in the Mountains*, where the heat of the day seems to linger still in the hollow over which the purple shades are stealing. I will also mention a decorative panel by Mademoiselle Esté: *In*

A. DAUCHEZ.
Under the Oaks.

SALON OF 1864.





R. BILLOTTE.
Moonlight on the Marne.

SALON OF 1904.



Brittany, charmingly pretty; two very pleasing landscapes by Francis Jourdain; *Evening on the North Sea*, very still and limpid, by Stengelin; *Winter*, by Gumery; *The River*, by Carlos-Lefebvre; *The Pine-wood*, by Le Camus, *The Piazza San Marco, Venice*, by Le Gout-Gérard, quivering with sunshine; the sober impressions of Prins, and the lighter fancies of La Villéon. G. Albert, a Swede, exhibits a picture, which is remarkable for breadth of design and truth of luminous effect: *The Sun was setting (Valley of the Oise)*. The Spanish painter, Rusinol, in his *Court of Orange-trees*, *The Arena*, and *White Boats*, adds a fascinating and unexpected charm of pale-toned luminosity to his sound and accurate drawing. Walton, a Scotchman, is full of healthy vigor.

Gillot wields the brush with amazing dexterity. In his *Autumn Flowers*, *Luxembourg*, the color is very delicate, and the falling mist admirably expressed. And, though the background looks rather unsubstantial, *The President leaving the Guildhall* is represented with much spirit and no suggestion of official dryness.

Lepère, an engraver, has made a brilliant *sortie* as a painter. He shows his accustomed solidity of design, and a perfect sense of tone values in light and shade. This is what gives such consummate assurance and dignity to his two landscapes: *Sunset* and *The Storm*, and to a study of still-life: *Herrings, Flowers and Accessories*. Lhermitte shows his command of distances in his *Harvest in the Valley*, and has furnished it with strongly observed figures. Le Pan de Ligny, in his *Market-place, Vannes*, shows force, but is a little heavy; and de Mathau in his *Tavern, Normandy*, lends the grace of color to a very feeble sort of drawing. *The Goose Girl*, by Chialiva, is bright in effect and well put together.

This year Belgium is in the front rank. Claus, Buysse, Willaert and Courtens are as usual refined, splendid or serious, each in his own way. Baertsoen exhibits some work — as *A Thaw at Ghent* — marked by breadth, solidity and glow, wonderfully imposing in effect. Another Flemish artist, Morren, reveals a peculiarly

rich and florid sense of sunlight. *Summer*, a girl with her arms full of flowers, is at once bold and delicate in effect.

Here and there are some works worthy of notice, which I should not allow myself to pass over. There is the *Little Girl at Work*, by Mademoiselle Babaian, broadly modeled and surrounded by air and light; the fine portrait of *Kroyer*, the Swedish painter, by Tuxen; the *Woman in White*, by Bittinger; *A Corner in Tangier* by Bishop, very elegantly felt and colored; *Watching*, by Eugène Cadel, full of refined sentiment; *Getting Up*, by Avelot, attractive but discreet; a pleasing female portrait by Mademoiselle Villedieu, and *The Invalid*, by Olivier; *The Mills of Bruges*, by Denisse, warm and humid in atmospheric quality; the *Boulevard de Clichy (sunshine)*, by Barwolf, a capital *Effect of Snow*, by Alson Clark; and a *Winter Scene*, delicately handled, by Kouznitsov; *Soup*, by René Théry, carefully and forcibly studied; two very bright landscapes, *On the Beach*, and *The Trees* by Abrams; *Evening at Watten (Flanders)*, by Roubichou; the *Banks of the Lys*, by Mademoiselle Montigny; and a *Study (September)*, by Dejardin.

We should have but an incomplete idea of contemporary art if we did not go into the lower galleries to admire the lavish display there of wit and spirit, of feeling and expression. In these ingenious experiments with new processes, new technique and freedom of invention, there is often more art in works on a smaller scale than in some big canvas where a drop of inspiration is profusely diluted. This year there is a large collection of the drawings and sketches in which Renouard is prodigal of his inexhaustible wit. In many we have reminiscences of his travels, and some are sketches from life; they form a satirical and truthful record from day to day of the life of the people, of the official world, and of the civil and military tribunals in solemn session. Such truth to the race and the individual alike is simply marvelous. We see the English crowd clearly differentiated from our own mob; the stamp of race, of trade habits of official function, the manner of life that characterizes the

E. DALPHIN
The Rising Storm - moonlight effect

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F. M.-E. LE GOUT GÉRARD.
Piazza San Marco, Venise.

SALON DE 1894



lawyer, the officer, the man of business, all is seized and noted with an unerring touch.

Renouard is the most truthful of historians, and we can only regret that antiquity and the middle ages had none like him to transmit to us the characteristic facts of their manners and habits. This good-humored phase of art has something kindly and genial about it. What is absurd or odious lies in the things represented and is not brutally emphasized; we are always aware of a resilient vigor and intellectual wholesomeness. In fact Renouard gives us keen pleasure, and at the same time a useful lesson.

Among the drawings, cartoons, etc., forming a separate section, I will first mention the fine flower-pieces by Madame Crespel, *A Winter Garden*, and *A Garden Nook*; a pastel by Leheutre, *The Blue Ribband*; some pastels by Luigini, *The Sluice*, *The Canal at Monikendam*, and *The Piles*, original in effect, vivid and harmonious in color; *The Interiors*, studied in the marshes of La Vendée, by Milcendeau; a drawing by Mademoiselle Nourse, *A Leisure Hour*, charming in feeling; *Yanneke*, by Mademoiselle Schille; *The Sea-front*, *Katwijk*, and *A Flemish Interior*, two very remarkable water-color paintings by Stacquet, a Belgian; *The Pont Saint-Michel*, and *The Thames*, by Sureda; two water-color drawings, quite screamingly funny, by J. Villemot, *A Man of Havana*, and *Jealous*; and a poetical fantasy by Willumsen, "*The Hill beyond the Lake is touched with gold.*"

We could linger long over the engravings; there are here some exquisite things, as the *estampes modelées*, by Pierre Roche, for the book on Loïe Fuller by Roger Marx; the etchings in color by Manuel Robbe, a *Nocturne*, and the *Market-place*; those, again, by L. Bartholomé, *Men praying*, *Brittany*, and *The Grandmother*; or those by Richard Ranft, *Women threshing*, and *Women raking*. There is a vast amount of art in a small space in *Women of Ushant*, by Jacques Villon; in *An Ancestress*, an etching by Louis Legrand; in *The Striped Dressing-gown*, a

woodcut done with a penknife by Laboureur; in an etching by Mordant, *On the shore, evening*; and those by G. Margueritt, *A bunch of papaws*, and *The Fruit of a creeper*; and woodcuts by Paul Collin, *Stacks of Wheat*, and *The Scattered Flock*; the lithographs by E. Cadel, especially *The Angelus*; wood engravings by Jacques Beltrand, and etchings by Marcel Beltrand; an original etching by Besnard, *The Interior of the Cathedral at Fuenterrabia*; Chahine's fanciful compositions; Clot's lithograph in color, from a pastel by Degas; and the dry-point etchings by Storm van Gravesande. A living world is set before us, and in these minor works we find the truest history of contemporary life and manners.

Here indeed we see a well-defined artistic movement, new methods and interesting tendencies. And yet, we discern in public feeling a sort of vague restlessness, and lack of interest. This has its rise in various causes. A great many of the pictures exhibited in the Salons have been seen elsewhere and have lost the charm of novelty. Then, we feel that in some cases the annual output has become obligatory and somewhat mechanical. Again it is an annoying thing to see so many mere studies, especially when they are unimportant. When an artist has risen unmistakably to the position of a master, these sketches and studies assume priceless importance in our eyes. But we cannot feel the same interest in masterpieces as yet uncreated. It is much to be feared that mere courteous applause may, in many cases, lead the artist to evade any more complete and finished expression of his ideas. By displaying his good intentions he weakens them. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons which account for the fact that more than one artist, even the most gifted, postpones till too late the concentrated effort to produce an important work. I have no belief in finality; I do not think any work can claim to be the artist's last word. Each is but a factor in the evolution of his mind. An attempt to achieve impossible perfection might easily have a sterilizing effect. The painter must have courage enough to show himself as he is,

E.-L. GILLOT.
*The President of the French Republic
leaving the Guildhall, London (July 1903).*

SALON OF 1904.



LUIGI CHIALIVA.
A Shepherdess.

SALON OF 1904.



and say, with the modest pride of Van Eyck : "As best I can." But, at the same time, he must throw into his work all the powers at his command, all his soul and conscience. If he constantly repeats an effect because it was once successful, I fail to find in it the struggle of a mind in progress; it is no more than trading on the dull habit of public taste. Thus he justifies the indifference in the annual Salons, which we discern on all sides.

There is, however, another cause for this dissatisfied mood. Art, in these days, seems to have become a trade like any other. We are constantly hearing of over-production and a bad market. Artists are suffering from an evil they themselves created. If they really cared more for quality than for quantity, if they had the strength of mind to concentrate their efforts instead of frittering them; if they could believe that a work of art should be a thing thought out and matured, and that it was far less important to multiply successful skirmishes than to fight "one of those great battles," as Sainte-Beuve says, "which are an honor to those who engage in them and a glory to those who win," they would perhaps succumb less readily to the temptations which await them from all sides. To satisfy all the demands made on a painter as soon as he comes to the front, his studio would have to be a sort of factory, and a picture as simple a matter to produce as piece of cloth by the yard. What meditation, what self-discipline is possible under such pressure of production? And must not every painter, year by year, send his six canvases to the Salon, or be quite forgotten? Only reflect on the florid and tenacious zeal, on the endless scrupulosity which the great painters of old — nay, and those of to-day — brought to bear on the elaboration of a work embodying an idea that was dear to their heart and soul, and you will see that the impetuous rush of production cannot fail to vulgarize and degrade Art.

A somewhat gloomy moralist was complaining not long since that the permanent museums were deserted while the annual exhi-

bitions were crowded, and that the public neglected masterpieces to pore over very second-rate work. I cannot deny the existence of this evil. We have only to watch the crowd to discern that it does not haunt the Salons with any very elevated pleasure in view. On most of the faces we may read an expression of languor and indifference, of inattention and a vague kind of boredom. The Salon is in fact a meeting-place for idleness and gossip, as any other spot may be. And not only on the day of the private view, but on other days as well, it is only too evident that no one comes for improvement of mind or an emotional experience. They stare out of curiosity, to be "up to date." The task of identifying really good work among such a vast mass of useless and tiresome pictures is too difficult and fatiguing. The eye wanders, the mind gets confused, goodwill evaporates, a headache threatens. Imagine a reader who, in the course of a few days, was condemned to form an idea of the endless flow of novels which, one year with another, is poured out into the literary market. What confusion of brain, what intellectual dyspepsia, and finally what utter nausea would be the result! But symphonies and operas, books, comedies and dramas, are spread over the whole year, and each in its turn comes up for investigation and judgment. Here pictures confront us in serried battalions, bronzes attack us in force, marbles crush us, colors and forms dance a mad saraband before our bewildered gaze. "Too many," is the universal cry. Where does the remedy lie? I confess I see none. I suffer with the rest; but, unlike our morose writer, I shall still go to the Salons, which will not hinder me from frequenting the Louvre. I do not, however, feel the rather too aristocratic disdain which would impel me never to look at any but old books and old pictures; I cannot be indifferent to any contemporaneous effort. And besides, if we only know how to admire with judgment, we may find here the same intellectual enjoyment as in the galleries where the teaching of the past is preserved for us. Of what use would

A. AUBLET.
Arabs.

SALON OF 1904.



H. W. MESDAG.
A Summer evening.

SALON OF 1904.



that teaching be if it did not enable us to understand all living beauty?

Rembrandt and Velasquez, Da Vinci, and the Greek sculptors, have not disgusted me with Rodin, Whistler, Carrière, and some others. Nay, they have educated me to appreciate and love their successors. I should indeed think myself ungrateful to these men of genius who vouchsafe to mingle with the annual rank and file, if I failed to do homage to their work and co-operation. I am thankful to them for not dwelling apart, as some great artists have felt called upon to do — having their justification perhaps in the stupid satire and ignorance that greeted them — but for discerning the truth that at a period of flabby indifference a feeling for grandeur and beauty must be forced on the public. I laud them for defying all the foolish comments to which a picture or a statue is exposed, for by so doing they show that they have a sense of their duty to society, that their art is not that of a coterie, appealing only to a sect or a set, but art for all mankind. Rather than turn away with a glance of scorn from a too motley collection, I think it far more just to assert that we have in such men as Rodin and Carrière masters of emotion and power as great as have existed at any period of art. They are the strength and the glory of our nation, the true interpreters of the modern spirit. You may travel from London to Berlin and Munich, *viâ* Brussels and Copenhagen, and though you will certainly see some noble and striking talent, and, in the second rank of artists, even more dexterity and brio, a fine sense of breadth, and a feeling for domestic emotion beyond what is reached by the average painters of the French school, you will nowhere find such poets of humanity as these, nor men who have in so high a degree a comprehension of the life of man.

One word more. The National Society was formed on the basis of an appeal to liberty. It can continue to exist only by remaining free and open-minded. If it should substitute the tyranny of per-

sonal interests for that of academic rule, and the reign of snobbery for that of boredom; if it tries to enslave the men it has brought together in the name of liberty to no matter what routine, it will very soon lose its attractive power by forfeiting its right to exist. It must stimulate a high moral tone, sincerity, enthusiasm, seriousness and tenderness. If it allows itself to succumb to mere skill without soul, to trivialities and frittered efforts, it may still be a fashionable resort, but it will have failed in its mission, which is to emancipate and elevate the world of art. Above all, it must be on its guard against the development of a new conventionality, a new academic type; it must not be ungracious to the most novel attempts that may be made under its protection; it is through the young, to whom it sets the example of independence, that it may and must renew its strength and look for efficient recruits. Come what may we must keep our faith in a principle on which we have taken action.

ED. SAIN.

Mussel Gatherers of Bourg-d'Ault (Somme).


SALON D' 1904.



A. STENGELIN.
Facing on the North Sea.

SALON OF 1904.





E. TOURNÈS.
Combing her hair.

SALON OF 1904.



SCULPTURE.



AN alert spirit, a fervid flow of feeling, and infinite ingenuity of idea, a type of art which has found its harmony with life and broken away from routine to recover the best tradition, afford an encouraging spectacle as we contemplate the sculpture in the Exhibition of the National Society. The works are relatively few, but almost all are interesting. The impetus has come from a master mind; all these artists owe their rejuvenescence and ardor to the genius who has released them by breaking the academical yoke and starting them on the right road. Rodin's figure of *Le Penseur*, with its grand attitude and noble anxiety, dominates the crowd he has rescued from limbo, brought to the light, and warmed with his passion. When everything seemed to be swamped by the narrow confidence of decrepitude, one heroic and sincere soul in revolt against falsity sufficed to bring nature back to us in her resplendent nudity and eternal youth. Fastidious and senile learning had chloroformed her with its vapid gallantry, had wrapped her in a shroud, and was about to lay her in a sarcophagus, when suddenly she threw off the winding-sheet, and moved again with her proud elastic step. She was at once seen to be youthful and strong, and artless and glad, as she was when the world was young. Love had wrought the miracle. Her artificial suitors, disputing for her favors, had treated her as a fine lady. She is but a loving woman. She responded at once to the man who sought her solely for her beauty.

Learning is but a poor thing without sincerity. It not only leads to fatigue; it disgusts us, because its treatment of life is cold, a mere analysis and dissection of the palpitating thing, so easily repelled, which the lover gazes at with respectful tenderness. False art, feelingless and hard, is treason to the beautiful; it

knows everything except what is best worth knowing. It knows a thousand little recipes, but it cannot read the great mystery which is revealed only to the intuition of love. The artist who shows us parts only of the form insults nature; he kills the spirit to cling to the letter; he is a slave to lifeless detail, to the destruction of the unity which makes all the individuality of the living being. There is in fact a sixth and special sense, as closely allied to sympathetic emotion as to intellectual apprehension. It is the sense of life, the first indispensable condition of art. By it the artist is led instinctively to the pathetic synthesis which subordinates the accidental to the essential, the phenomenon to the idea, and shows the active spirit within through the material husk. This is the first source of everything: pathos, tenderness, reverence for the forms which, separately, are mere form, but in combination reveal the intrinsic element which vivifies them.

It is a sort of sacrilege to make a dead thing of the living. To the man who deeply feels the concord of all the wills which conflict or agree in the deep soul of nature, the mystery of any one being is ennobled and dignified by the mystery of universal life, and the deepest emotion leads him inevitably to the loftiest thought.

This is eternal art, as simple as it is learned, as full of sympathy as of understanding, it is the old true tradition which protests against false imitations and a material realism which eliminates the spirit by dismembering the body. Now, indeed, the case is won; the day of polemical abuse is past. But false art is never resigned to defeat, never convinced of its worthlessness. It is diplomatic, cunning and tenacious; it yields one point only to obtain concessions on another. It pretends to do homage to a great artist's work in the past, only to attack him in the present. It finds an auxiliary in the ill-feeling of the public, hating to be shaken in its indolence; and in the natural torpor of man, capable of grasping truth only fitfully, and then sinking back by his own



A. RODIN.

"*Le Penseur.*"

(From Rodin's Works.)

Photograph by J. E. Bulloz.

SALON OF 1904.





F. BOURDELLI.
Bust of Madame V. Cibiel.
Mulle.

SALON DE 1901.



A. MARCEL-JAQUES.

Love and Servitude.

Engraving larger than life size for the domestic and business man.

SALON OF 1901.



weight into common and vulgar ideas. And an effort is needed to keep the spirit on a level with great works, which, even to their creator, represent a supreme moment of perception and enthusiasm. We have only to reflect on the long periods and the vast masses of human beings which have been, and still are, satisfied with a quite inferior type of artistic expression, to understand what a singular triumph is represented by a truly great work, and how important it is that lofty examples should be attended to and understood.

At a time of general insipidity and feeble elegance, Rodin was the renovating genius who re-opened every doubt and from a lofty stand-point, who roused latent energies, discovered elemental forces—himself indeed a force of nature. The statue called *Le Penseur*, which he exhibits this year, was originally designed to crown the *Gate of Hell*. Bent to contemplate the tragical and doleful strife of human passions and sorrows, it is the synthesis of the mind of a man who sees and understands the incurable misery of the age. This is the meaning of the crushed and anxious attitude, the turn of the spine and torso, resting largely on the hand bent to support the chin and shortening the under-lip. We ask ourselves, indeed, whether, when making the figure so large, the artist has, at the same time, added to the importance of the idea; whether by detaching it from the wall and multiplying the points of view he has preserved its nicety of purport and grandeur of effect. Seen from the front and from below, as it was first meant to be seen, the face is imperious, absolute. This is what gives eloquence to the bending figure, the weighed-down attitude, and the tragical, down-cast gaze. Thus placed, we see what it meant in the artist's mind a Seer, grief-stricken by human suffering. Since then Rodin has made great strides in the path he has opened for himself. It is by comparing him as he is now with himself as he was but lately that we can best intimate the soundness of his principles and the greatness of his art.

Rodin also exhibits a female bust, a work of the most sensitive elegance, full of ardent and truthful vitality, and subtly individualized by the slight pucker of the brows and delicately curved lips.

The Miner, by Constantin Meunier, is a worthy companion to Rodin's statue. The emotional realism of the Belgian sculptor obeys the same laws as the French master's lyric grandeur. In both we find the same heroic simplicity of surface, a rugged and primeval dignity, and fine human sentiment. The laborer is giving his wearied limbs a moment's relaxation, but in his very rest we foresee the immediate return to toil, and the indestructible energy of unimpaired vitality. Without any forced appeal to pity or indignation, Meunier, like François Millet, leaves nature to speak for itself, and, with eloquent impartiality, shows us the beauty of human heroism battling against elemental forces. Though the Belgian sculptor sometimes seems to make his figures too ponderously solemn, the objection is silenced by the calm and simple dignity of the work.

The feeling for truth is contagious. Bourdelle's fervent spirit, sometimes intemperate and over-hasty, is refining under the discipline of his good taste. This artist, always striving for the best, exhibits this year some capital works. First we have his bust of *General Philebert*. The first impression is startling — a bust to the waist, but without arms. But the head is excellent, and full of fire and spirit. How well it is supported by the neck, and how well expressed is the movement! A free, broad style of workmanship emphasizes the individual character, while subordinating the details to a simple style of treatment. The feeling for nature is as complete as the psychological sense. This head is full of life and purpose, at once precise and frank, wonderful in its expression of intellectual life, and as full of concentrated energy as a Florentine bust of the fifteenth century. A female bust, by the same artist, has the quick inquisitive turn of a bird looking round, and this happy touch gives it a quite original and charming viva-

L. SCHNEGG.

Aphrodite.

Marble.

SALON OF 1904.





C. MILLES.

Portrait bust of the Swedish painter M. J. Kronberg.

SALON OF 1904.





L. R. CARRIERE
Head of a woman.
(Plaster)

NO. 61. 1904.



city. Bourdelle has done even better in a bust in red marble, not numbered in the catalogue, a real masterpiece of light and refined grace: a delicate profile, aquiline nose, and sweet lips; we see here the youthful dignity of a French Hebe with an indescribable touch of fresh simplicity and purity which reminds us of Egyptian intaglio heads.

A group in plaster: *Love and Servitude*, has the distinction of feeling and idea and harmonious suavity we expect from Marcel-Jacques. This artist spiritualizes matter, and infuses into it a most attractive kindliness and gentleness. He produces a sort of home-atmosphere about his figures, as for instance in a bust of a woman, in which the tender, firm evenness of the modeling seems to wrap the work in a pensive, dim religious light.

Schnegg's *Aphrodite* is here again this year, but in marble. Her pure and classic beauty smiles on us from behind a tremulous veil which gives nicety and poetry to the figure without detracting from its solidity and correctness. Two busts of children and a small female torso in bronze are further evidence of his refined and versatile art.

Strong human feeling, genuine simplicity, and a racy sense of nature and the soil, with a delicate breadth of handling commend Mademoiselle Pouplet's work to our attention. First, the *Burial of a Child*, *Dordogne*, and then the busts of two peasants, a man and a woman, quite remarkable for their ethnological individuality. We see here the outcome of an original talent and of a keenly cordial artistic nature.

Carl Milles, the Swedish sculptor, exhibits a clay model for a national monument (*Sten-Sture*), fine in its heroic feeling; and an excellent portrait, full of life and most happily composed, of the painter *J. Kronberg*.

Youthful talent is swaddled in rules and formalities when its soaring instinct ought to be encouraged. A few judicious hints dropped into a mind unforced and undeformed are more fruitful

than restrictive injunctions which make it diffident of itself. We think too much of fault-finding and correcting, when we should liberate and incite the mind, which, in its fresh youth, flies brother-like to meet nature. Truth invites us, and our native impulse tends to lead us to truth by a law as inevitable as that of molecular attraction. And then, between us and her, obstacles are raised, abstract notions which conceal her; instead of going from nature to the masterpieces which, but for her, would never have existed, they are set before us apart from nature, as though they were personal and abstract efforts, with no real or visible connection with life. Anatomists and archæologists, with their dry erudition, freeze the direct feeling that responds to what we see, the revelation that comes to each of us in the hour when the aspects of the universe appeal to our comprehension and our affections. We are prematurely deprived of the fresh delights of discovery, and the newness of the world is buried under the dust of dead things. Young people are drilled into a superstitious and awe-struck respect for the achievements of the past, but they are not taught to respect the living works of nature.

I find the proof that wise guidance of the youthful mind and fresh simplicity of feeling are better than inculcated learning in a *Bust of a Woman*, by René Carrière. There is fine simplicity, fire and noble feeling in this broad, firm handling of surfaces; and what disdain of smallness of treatment! While allowing himself to be guided by his emotions in the presence of nature, the young artist has forcibly expressed the sense of solemnity and mystery which an apprehension of life produces in youth.

The *Tiburtine Nymph*, by Injalbert, is a pliant and graceful figure, at once languid and lively, and executed with great skill. The living beauty of the figure is happily wedded to the rock against which she leans. *Chloe sleeping*, by Escoula, lies easily in the chaste embrace of guileless slumbers. *Eve*, by Fagel, is a good study of the nude, but lacks any interesting expression.



J. A. INJALBERT.

Tiburtine Nymph (Albunea), marble.

SALON OF 1904.





L. ESCOFFIER
Chloé sleeping marble.

SALON OF 1904.





F. VOULOT.
Girls dancing (plaster group).

SALON OF 1904.



Pierre Roche has applied his ingenious talent to decorative work for a house in Brittany; the bronze bell and plaster masks are amusing and picturesquely fanciful. Hœlger gives too much prominence to the muscles of his *Human Machine*, but the *Head of a Woman smiling* has acquired under his hand the warmth and color of fawn-like vitality. *Anguish*, by Wittig, and *Nostalgia*, by the same artist; *Abandoned*, by Aronson; Halou's studies of peasant women; the *Girls Dancing*, by Voulot; some statuettes in bronze and in silver by Carabin; the sketches of *A Mother and Child*, by Perelmagne; a *Woman seated* and a *Woman in pain*, by Skilter; a group in bronze, *Pietje and Tannetje*, by Madame Beetz; *Poetry and Music*, by Madame de Frumerie; a *Peasant*, and the *Mower*, by Wittman; a *Female Faun*, in bronze, by Toussaint; *A Girl laughing*, by Berthoud; some medals by Charpentier; the *Rock of Suffering*, by Nocquet; and a small bust portrait in bronze by Hans Lerche, representing Besnard, palette in hand and painting, are works of genuine feeling, delicate humor and careful observation, firmly and freely handled.

I may also mention, among portraits in sculpture, that of the lamented artist Cazin, by Madame Cazin, true in expression and natural in its movement; the remarkable busts by Lagae, a Belgian; that of Lucien Simon, by Alfred Lenoir, an admirable and speaking likeness, with purpose and mind strongly rendered in the delicate thin features, restless and eager; the marble bust of Madame E. D., by Fix-Masseau; that of M. Moncure D. Conway, by Spicer-Simson; a portrait of a man, by O'Donel; the statuette portrait of Dr. J., by Paul Paulin; and another statuette by Waller, the Swedish sculptor.

From this promising ferment, already showing good results, we may draw a satisfactory conclusion: the past is a burthen only to those who fail to understand it. The masters of a bygone time oppress none but those who submit to their teaching in a servile spirit, instead of independently following their example.

Nothing can be more intimate, more living or more impassioned than Greek art. How then can it have been debased to that cold, artificial, glaring and intolerable thing called pseudo-classic art? Every impulse of humanity clothes its emotion in a form imposed on it by a whole concatenation of circumstances; and such forms are admirable because they respond to a compulsion, a logic from within. Once separated from that they become a mere formula. And if they are forced on our acceptance, as a final fact, absolute and transcendental, they stand between our mind and nature, which is the only living fount of emotion and creation; they actually conceal nature. We even cease to understand the masters we pretend to revere; for to appreciate their real greatness we must go from nature to their interpretation, and not from them to nature. The only real road to an understanding and love of art is by a love and feeling for life, since in all ages art has never been great excepting through that love and sense. But, unfortunately, we most of us only come to this conclusion after long wanderings and much loss of time. We are taught first to distrust our own instinct; our craving for liberty is condemned. Till at last one day we come to a point when we say, like Chassériau, when he had broken his chain: "We must ponder on this truth: that we are to study the old masters and the antique by the light of nature, otherwise we have a mere worn-out tradition, but by that means it becomes a living memorial; we must express what we have in our soul by visible signs, true and subtle, for nature alone has this fresh incisiveness."

L. DEJEAN.

The Lady with the large cloak.

(Tinted terra cotta.)

SALON OF 1904.





A. LENOIR.

Portrait bust of M. Lucien Simon.

Bronze.

SALON OF 1904.





SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS.

PAINTING.

IF all we ask of art is tranquil enjoyment and peaceful experiences we may find a pleasant "harvest of the quiet eye" in the Salon of the Society of French Artists. We must, however, be willing to seek and choose, and sometimes lift our heads to the upper ranks. The most interesting things do not all come forth to meet the spectator. The best places are in the possession of the host of painters *hors concours*, and it is not always in this paradise of easy successes, but in the purgatory of the second class that we may find the earnest endeavor which toils to attain heaven. Let us wish them all success, and having won it, not to remain torpid in beatific stagnation. Rare, as elsewhere, are the soaring efforts which carry us up on strong wings, bear us away, snatching us from mere habits to rouse our instincts. We here breathe at any rate an atmosphere of good intentions; we

discern an honest frame of mind, and, as was said by a poet who, descending from the heights, made his home half way down, we are aware of a tempered breath of lyrical inspiration.

Though the tone is more subdued and the expression more traditional, we find here much the same tendencies as in the neighboring exhibition. Domestic scenes in the open air, portraits and landscapes are nearly all we meet with on these walls. Mythology and history still no doubt occupy a large space here; but those who devote themselves to these academic tasks generally bring to them so little conviction, that they make as it were a practical confession of weariness and indifference. We may relegate to their final home these official commissions. We are looking for men who reveal a desire and a faculty for expressing themselves.

First, however, we must pay our respects to the seniors who so bravely persevere in their efforts, even when the outcome is not wholly satisfactory. Jean-Paul Laurens exhibits two important pictures. In one, faithful to his dramatic rendering of history, he sets before us, in a vaulted room, Luther swearing on the Gospel of St. Matthew; a rather dismal and pinched looking Luther, and some very commonplace disciples, without distinction of character. In the other he has done for the toil of the miner what, in his *Lauraguais*, he did for that of the field-laborer, treating it with epic magniloquence. The scene has some grandeur, with its receding distances; the grey-toned earth, the red-tiled town, the blue hills beyond. The figures which occupy the foreground are rather deficient in vitality and character. It is true to the opera stage rather than to nature.

A *Portrait* of a man by L. Bonnat is painted with his usual sober precision and decisive assurance. Those by F. Humbert, with their misty softness, combine perfectly French grace with English fancy in the background. It is to be regretted only that the artist's brush, so fluent in treating the crispness of stuffs, should

D. R. KNIGHT.
The Path through the vineyard.

SALON OF 1904.



T. ROBERT-FLEURY.

Anxiety.

SALON OF 1904.



J. P. LAURENS.
Luther and his Disciples.

SALON OF 1904.



touch the face so coldly. Cormon has refreshed himself, after painting all the *Mayors of France* in the gardens of the Palace of the Élysée, by depicting the gay folly of a *Bacchanalian scene*, as crowded as a ballet at the Eden. Hébert, Jules Lefebvre, Paul Dubois, Flameng, and P. Ferrier are represented by subtle or powerful portraits. Harpignies sets the stern mass of green oaks in strong contrast against a blue horizon, in a cold, silvery light. Pointelin, faithful to his beloved Jura, suggests the soft tolling of the Vesper bell.

But now we come to a work which bears the stamp of novelty, an interesting painting, both for the general harmony of the whole effect and for the decorative sense of pictorial treatment: *Work*, a triptych by Henri Martin. The first impression is bright, cheerful, very captivating. It is like the shrill chirp of the grasshopper, a resonant hymn to the sun. At the same time it is very domestic; we feel a bond connecting the spirit of the artist to long loved things, well known and understood. The feeling is not evanescent, is not scattered in flashes; there is stored warmth in it. It is the logical outcome of the artist's past work, and shows the expansion and full flower of a style which combines very happily the decorative scheme of Puvis de Chavannes and the dotted brushwork invented by the impressionists to produce the vibrating effect of light and color. The manner is composite, the feeling quite individual. The work is full of matter; we can linger and enjoy. But is it quite satisfactory? No—not quite. The centre panel, with the high vessel, its masts golden in the sunshine, and the stir of dock-hands carrying baskets of fruit, is indeed full of life and color; but it is rather airless; there is not space enough between the figures, the drawing of the ship's bows is indefinite, and mingling with some exquisite notes of color, as that of the girl in red bending over a greenish basket, there are touches, as for instance a glaring violet, that offend the eye. The left-hand division I think exquisite; the tender lines are sweet in the low

sun; a red guernsey stands out against the pale blue water; the children going to school are perfect in their artless truth, the atmosphere is fresh, the color harmonious, and the domestic feeling full of dignity. The right-hand panel, with many pleasing details, is somewhat poor. The outline of the distant view rising to the scarped hill of Notre-Dame de la Garde lacks grandeur and impetus; the good people in the foreground have a woe-begone, doleful air, in harmony no doubt with the evening of life, but decidedly common. Without sacrificing his taste for reserve and refinement the artist might, we think, have yielded more frankly to the brave cheerfulness which is the soul of decorative art, bringing out the simple heartiness that it demands, and elevating his figures without transfiguring them. With these reservations the work shows a thoughtful mind, refined and purposeful. It is a fine and tender presentment of human activity in its various stages, and of the almost Greek gladness of our sonorous and glowing south.

In a ceiling intended for the Hôtel de Ville at Toulouse, M. Bonis also has aimed at representing the south of loud song and joy-promoting vintages; his figures are allegorical, and this is the group he has set forth: a somewhat burly Muse, very heavy of limb, offers a lyre to a brown-complexioned youth seated on the clouds by the side of a harvest-maiden who is far more real and more attractive than the allegorical personages surrounding her. To the right a flying figure wreaths the frame-work of the lyre with a branch of vine, meant to show, no doubt, that the juice of the grape is the reward of toil and the fount of song. We could readily overlook the obscurity of the allegory if the atmosphere were rarer, and the light shed on these rather heavy faces a faint ray of gladness. But the golden gleam so freely distributed in the lighter portions is not harmonious, and the blue sky is opaque, in spite of the able brushwork. The vine wreaths are hot and parched in tone. The lyric inspiration, buried in matter,



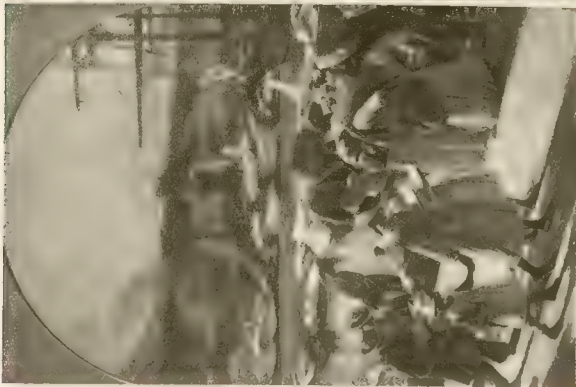
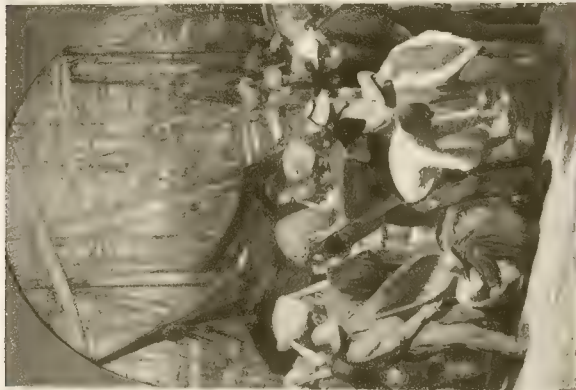
H. J. G. MARTIN.

Work : Dawn; — Noon; — Evening.

(Decorative triptych).

Photograph by Crevaux.

SALON DE 1904.



B. BUFFET.
The School of Plato.

SALON OF 1904.



has no impulse of flight and does not carry us away by the strong rush of happy inspiration.

To adorn the office for the Registration of Marriages in the Hôtel de Ville at Lille, M. Sinibaldi has painted a vast decorative work : *Marriage among the Gauls*. The legend is familiar that among Celtic nations a maiden was wont to offer a cup of hydromel to the bridegroom of her choice. The artist has taken this graceful and touching incident for the central idea of his composition, and the scene is laid on the bank of a large river, the picture being longer than it is high. To right and left are groups of girls carrying bunches of flowers, hunters and warriors recline in the shade; heads of bears, aurochs and wild boars are hung to the tree-trunks, and the accessories are horses, armor and standards. The whole is full of life, bright and picturesque. The various masses subordinate to the principal incident are well distributed in the space, with a light hand that betrays no effort and seems natural enough. The arrangement is easy and logical and so satisfies our demands, and the color is harmonious and not too gaudy. I must, however, criticise certain attitudes which strike me as too conventional; for instance, that of the warrior Gaul who is straining every muscle as he leans on a standard. We could wish that nature had been more closely regarded in the action of the figures, and that their movements were less conventional and artificial. I know that the fierce, moustachioed and long-haired Celt irresistibly forces himself on the artist's imagination in treating such a subject. Still, might he not be discerned in a new light by some study from life of the characteristics, still clearly marked, of the primitive race as it may yet be found, very little altered, about the central plateaux of France? A little ethnological truth is not irreconcilable with art.

There is certainly far more original research, and the talent is indisputable, in the ceiling painted by M. Gervais for the library of a country house. This bears the title of *Vers la Lumière*—

Seeking Light. Various very pretty female figures, cleverly grouped among the clouds, represent, as I suppose, the planets, or the sciences, or the truths which human genius is striving to discover. It is ingeniously decorative but very odd. Some gilt metal domes stand out unpleasantly hard and conspicuous against the sky. By the side of certain floating figures of much grace are others more realistic, sitting or standing, which make one giddy to look at. Those learned persons must have strong heads if they do not lose them at such a height. But, in spite of all this, the skill and charm are genuine in the freely handled nude, daintily rose and white, here and there a little too much so; and above all in the groups in the middle distance, softly toned with greys and violets as a transition between the hotter color and the cold white light. This clever and gladsome work of fancy reminds us of Besnard; but the higher taste and fine sense of style are absent which give dignity and lucidity of conception to his freest conceptions. This is not merely light, it is even frivolous, and leaves no impression on the mind beyond that of a pleasing and ingenious inventiveness.

I must mention another triptych : *From Nazareth to Calvary*, by M. Henri Royer, in which the artist has depicted, with no special originality, but with grave and tender sweetness, three crucial moments in the life of the Virgin; a decorative panel by Rapin : *The Israelites gathering Manna*; by Hippolyte Flandrin, a scene of marked religious feeling : *Jesus weeping over Jerusalem*; and, by Adrien Demont, the *Temptation of Christ*, in which the landscape, not devoid of grandeur, atones for the eccentricity and poverty of the figures.

Domestic virtue by Gontier deserves a longer study. This picture is full of talent and promise, though certainly far from faultless. The general effect is solemn, but close and dismal, and the handling is heavy; the brushwork is neither fluent nor rich, and the whole wants air, facility and life. But when we

H. G. J. CHARTIER.
Montmirail (1814).

SALON OF 1904.



F. BOUTIGNY

The Death of General Bessières at the Battle of Lutzel.

Devant le ciel, les braves etient et les
Les garçons et des jeunes filles, et les
à l'air, la table et le chapeau, et les
qui penible l'air, et les
L'air, et les
des lauriers, et les filles des
Cahiers de l'Étude Générale

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



get over this first rather repellent impression, we find here a great deal of earnest and human tenderness of feeling. The cradle on the floor, with the sleeping child, and another child seated with its back to us; the spinners and winders in the central panel; the woman's back, to the right, and to the left the women carrying jars and baskets, are passages strongly felt and boldly executed, calm and strong in expression. Still, the work has the impress of a boy's mind fed on sound reminiscences; but we feel the promise of a wholesome and powerful individuality; the artist has only to gain freedom of hand and a lighter manner of expression.

What then are we to say of Sabatté's *Flowers of Evil*, its insipid forms, and its symbolism sunk in false, earthy coloring? The same artist's *Saint Jerome*, in its archaic type, reveals at any rate a purpose of expression. But can we only wonder what conceivable connection there can be between the arid minuteness with which the hermit's ascetic leanness is painted and the soft, fat flesh of these nude figures wrapped in a false atmosphere. Can any artist exhibit two such contradictory works without confessing the vacillation of his mind, and his tentative groping for a manner of his own?

A very graceful thing is *Venice triumphant*, by P. Steck. Her head covered by a Renaissance helmet with volutes imitating the spiral curves of a shell, the warrior city stands on the winged Lion of St. Mark, looking down on the galleys which are to bear her victorious arms to Eastern lands: the slender, proud nude figure is seen in the ruddy gold light of evening. The sentiment is pleasing, and the style boldly archaic, not without a touch of affectation.

Very singular and very captivating is M. Bergès. His fanciful picture *Under the Shells*, is an episode, or rather a romantic and realistic epitome of the terrible siege of Saragoza. We cannot deny the powerful eccentricity of a scene which at once astonishes

and captivates us by the tumult of its perfervid spirit, and the audacious horror of the subject. Sinister flashes, bursting shells, rearing horses, quivering flesh, bloody swords, glaring eyes, knives and pistols, red lancers, powdered gentlemen, a woman lying dead, another—a dancer or a sutler who can tell?—blown into mid air with flying skirts by the explosion of a shell—a tragic medley of blood, dissipation and death; and all painted with incredible *brio*, while the color is admirable, especially the rich ringing tones of red, and yet we stand with a divided mind, between the admiration due to a talent so original and so self-confident, and our astonishment at so startling a vision and version of misery. The work, I confess, puzzles me; I can only say that, with a female portrait very broadly treated, it shows that the artist has very powerful, rare and subtle gifts.

Nights, by M. de Chabannes La Palice, are figures surrounded by a strange genius in black gauze leggings, and issuing from the rifts of a rock round which owls are flitting. Evil nights they are, figurative of sinful delights and their burden of punishment; the painting is rugged and vague, the tone gloomy and colorless; it is a joyless vision but not devoid of expression. Why is M. Buffet's *School of Plato* so melancholy and chillingly dismal? The worthy folks who held converse in the gardens of Academus were certainly never so dull or so much bored.

Napoleon and the imperial epic are still the fashion. M. Dupain, borrowing inspiration from "Les Messéniennes," shows us the Emperor in his tent, and visited by the shining phantoms of victories to come, with the haggard spectre beyond of defeat and captivity. M. Baader paints the *Preliminaries to a Divorce* and M. Chaperon the *Fall of the Eagle*. In M. Chartier's picture we have the charge of the light horse, red and green, under his eye at *Montmirail*; Boutigny is pathetic in his *Battle of Lutzen*. The lamented Sergeant shows us *Marshal Ney leading the cuirassiers and carabineers* at Waterloo.

R. DU GARDIER.

A Woman in white on the sands.

SALON OF 1904.






M^{re} C. H. DU FAU.

Woman bathing.

SAISON OF 1904





E. H. M. A. MAXENCE.

Rosa Mystica.

Water-color.

SALON OF 1904.



M. Lartreau exhibits an excellent military subject, *The Eastern Manœuvres, General Halt*.

The study by M. Darrieux of a woman's back of a warm golden tone, and *The Sulky Girl*, by M. Nitsch, a ripe, pearly painting, are among the best nudes in the Salon.

Let us go back to reality in the portraits and domestic scenes. In the first class, this year brings us a work of rare distinction, the *Portrait of a lady*, by Ernest Laurent. Its moral expression is charming, and its color of the highest distinction. Subdued pink in the dress, white lace, two stronger notes in the hat the young woman holds in her hand, a faint shimmer on the sheaf of honesty in the background, which extends to the atmosphere and makes it palpitate, as it were, all harmonize with the slight and graceful personality which rings with a clear, silvery note. This is subtle and insinuating art.

What have the young recruits of art, those who begin to find their places and have not yet said their last word, to offer us? As I come on them by chance and without regard to relative merit, I note a sweet and delicate *Motherhood*, by Leclercq, an example of real and genuine tenderness, the loving handling and restrained color of which emphasize the refined feeling. The *Breton wedding*, by d'Estienne, shows much taste and skill. Perhaps the homogeneous simplicity of the scene scarcely justifies the rather solemn triptych-form. Though the right wing, showing the church with the silhouettes of passers-by, is very delicate in execution, the left seems empty and insignificant. Even in the centre a commanding interest is lacking. But many of the figures are exquisite in their fresh, unaffected truth: a young woman raising her head, a little girl absorbed in her slice of bread, an old woman grave and reflective. The tender, diffused illumination, the air of honest settled contentment expressed in the countenances, are excellently well observed and stated with careful veracity.

Cosson is a charmingly gifted colorist. His *Village grave-*

yard reveals an eye that sees accurately and a mind that appreciates subtly. The dim and faded pink of a façade against a sombre sky, sad-toned greenery, a lonely corner and poor folk who mourn, it is the language of nature in her gloomy hours and has the faint sweetness of a memory. Du Gardier sends a canvas of the most brilliant attractiveness, wholly remarkable for the truth of its values. This *Woman in white on the sea-shore* is the work of a real artist, who has a sense of harmony, and a cultivated power of seizing the fascinations of contemporary life, as his charming colored etchings also indicate.

In one of her landscapes, imaginary yet real, where stone and marble blend with the charms of sky and shadow, Mademoiselle Dufau places the beautiful figure of a bathing girl. Her sure and facile brush, without over-insistence, gives life to the tender beauty of the flesh, the shifting reflections and the happy rhythm of the attitude. With a strength which does not exclude a feminine delicacy, Mademoiselle Chauchet captures in her *Afternoon* the calm radiance of summer days; the white cloth and the glasses gleam softly in the cool shade, the sunlight vivifies the bright materials against the verdure of the park. She attacks and solves, with delightful freedom, the problem of full daylight, glides unforcedly from transparent half-tones to high lights, and the result is sound, complete, and tasteful. The *Men towing a boat*, by Adler, is one of the most successful achievements of an artist who always seeks after the truth, and this time seems really to have attained it. The movement of each figure and the balance of the whole are vigorously composed, the color grave and sober, the environment excellent. Hanicotte, who knows by heart the Dutch sailors, malicious and railing, and their heavy gait, groups them on the quay of Vollandam under a sky heavy with snow; atmosphere is somewhat wanting in this crowded and gloomy picture, but the types are well conceived. Guinier repeats himself too faithfully in reproducing a theme with which he has already achieved

P. CHABAS.
A Dinner party.

SALON OF 1904.





C. C. J. HOFFBAUER.
On the edge of the battle.

SALON OF 1904.



A. DEVAMBEZ.
Unappreciated.

SALON OF 1924.



success. We have seen before this young woman and this rustic group returning from church along the path among the flowering wheat. This time the characters are Dutch, but the feeling, the situation, are identical, the effect good enough, but monotonous and dull. It is overdone. Besson has two manners: one simple, sincere, affecting, that of *The Flower Girls*; the other more ambitious, studied, and not free from artifice, which recalls his master, Gustave Moreau. In an over-elaborate composition he confronts the Gothic and the Renaissance, the sacred naiveties of the fifteenth century and the full-blown paganism of the sixteenth. There are grace and joyfulness, and opulence of color in this work of obscure meaning.

For us to appreciate a work it is essential that the artist should know his own mind. And I ask myself vainly what has Wéry meant to say in his vast and ill-filled canvas, *Towards the valley*. The color is rich and pleasing, though the sky and distance are of a dubious tonality; but the interest of this canvas escapes me. No better do I grasp the meaning of a work which Edgard Maxence entitles *Towards the Ideal*. Slick and heavy handling, frigid expressions, conventional hieratism; I suppose it has subtle meanings, but cannot catch the clue to the enigma.

Another distorted mannerism is that of M. Ridel. The long-drawn grace of his figures and the sufficiently skilful medley of color do not compensate for the imperfections of drawing and the too obvious indifference to truth and nature. Every creation in consonance with natural laws bears in itself some charm and elegance. Divorced from these, there are only puerile seeking for effect and extravagant futilities. He who believes he knows all knows nothing, this affected assurance is exactly what is called pedantry and self-sufficiency.

The *Dinner party* of Paul Chabas shows consummate skill. Brilliant and limpid treatment, gestures full of truth, speaking countenances, are of an altogether admirable if rather shallow truthfulness. The *Rialto, Venice*, by Duvent, is a scholarly work, closely

observed and well rendered. The workwomen who pass across the foreground, veiling their charms under their black mantles, have just the vivacious beauty, the fine and expressive eyes of the Venetian girls, with their sibilant speech. The sombre keys accord well with the brown and pink house-fronts, relieved against a hot blue sky. It strikes one at first as rather sad, and there is perhaps a lack of the color that enlightens, the unexpected which relieves. But on returning to it one detects each time more and more the stamp of truth in it, and the strong and sober qualities it displays. Venice, like Holland, will always provide unending themes for artists. Here is the stately Venice of Saint-Germier, whose *Private Intelligence* has sufficient individuality, and here the sparkling, scintillating Venice of Bompard, and the Saint Mark's faint in excess of light, by Allègre. Apart from these too-hackneyed subjects there is a stern and tragic Venice, with the set face of a grandam, which M. d'Estienne so ably revealed to us some years ago.

Among the artists whom I have just commended, several have obtained traveling prizes during the last few years. That is the latest shape that official support has taken with us; it opens a new chapter in the history of the relations between Art and the State, and one must henceforward ask if the measure is effective and how it should be applied to produce the best results. This question of the relations between public officials and the artist is an extremely delicate one, and will always be a matter of controversy. In principle, the State evidently cannot dissociate itself from that art, which is one of the functions of social life, that art by which the nation expects and must be enabled to see itself aggrandized and generalized. By means of the commissions it offers, the rewards it distributes, the purchases it authorizes, the State constitutes itself protector. But at once the danger begins. Every protector is tempted to impose on the protected his taste and his theory. And the liberty of the artist, without which there can be no spontaneous art, is compromised from the moment he

E. L. CHAYLLERY.
Sweet Home.

SAISON OF 1901.



F. A. BAIL.
An Interior (Normandy).

SALON OF 1901.



JACQUES-MARIE.

The Mill at Ulay, near Nemours (Seine-et-Marne).

SALON OF 1904.



accepts a guardianship. The problem, then, for the State to solve, is how to encourage the deserving, without imposing any yoke, and with due respect for the independence of temperaments. Its place is not to create artificial vocations, but to watch closely and stimulate practically all that reveal themselves. It must not develop on preconceived lines, that which in its opinion ought to exist, but must encourage the best of that which is.

In a career which does not meet immediate and pressing needs, the outset is always difficult. The very nature of the artist, his delicate and ardent sensibility, his contempt for contingencies, find him ever unprepared for the difficulties of life. It is to the general interest that men of distinction, destined to increase our intellectual inheritance and to reveal to mankind the beauties and pleasures of life, should not be prematurely crushed and broken in the struggle for existence. But how is the State, that intangible entity, to intervene in these special destinies which do not at once yield up their secrets, which are not easy to deal with, since the best are also the most proud, and think far less of forwarding their own interests than of safeguarding their independence? By what outward and visible sign is it to recognize those privileged ones who have a claim on its attention, a right to special treatment? Has it sensibilities sufficiently subtle to detect and foresee the true vocations among unwarranted pretensions, hands delicate enough to encourage without wounding or enslaving? Who shall point out to it the Masters of the future? To be sure, were the public well enough educated, the question would be settled. It need only follow the general approval. But there may be a certain curiosity, there is no public taste in matter of art. In this respect the most learned are often no better than the ignorant. We have lately had convincing proof in the case of Rodin's *Balzac*. While awaiting the formation of this taste, if that ever befalls, we know what happens. The State applies to the arts the same methods of selection as to other careers. There is a school,

with entrance examinations, more examinations on leaving, studios, authorized professors. There is a crowning sanction, the Prix de Rome, conferring the right of a three years' sojourn in the Villa Medici. How well one knows the results of this great effort! Since Ingres, not one of the great painters who adorned our school during the nineteenth century has been evolved in this laboratory; on the other hand, what a herd of incompetents! It is easily accounted for. At the very dawn of their careers, before the opening of the battle, and while they are still mere pupils, young men receive the highest crown; they are judged by tests which demand and indicate above all the faculty of contrivance, ingenuity of mind, facility of hand; in regard to subjects which have no point of contact with their daily lives, they are invited to produce premature evidence of what they know and can do. As to what they feel, which is perhaps the most important matter, that is scarcely considered. It is not by means of official examinations that one can open up that secret treasure of the heart of which Dürer speaks. Under these circumstances, what the artist seeks is not to satisfy himself; it is a question of winning the suffrages of his masters, of capturing a position, and, while gaining security for a few years, of accepting at the same time subjection. Thus, from the start, his efforts are misdirected, because the goal he aims at is not the true object of the artist, who must speak from his own heart if he would touch the hearts of other men. The initial direction imposed upon his mind answers neither to his highest aspirations, nor to the actual conditions of life. Thus, one of two things occurs; either he will persist in this path, will continue to labor after official commissions and successes, will turn out high art in accordance with academic formulas, or he will in the end revolt against the heavy, lifeless discipline which has too long humiliated and degraded him, and hindered him from being his true self. The Roman slave will become a Spartacus. Yet it will take him some years to throw off the last rags of convention,

G. W. JOY.
An Oriental Princess.

SAVON 1904.





G. FERRIER.
*Portrait of Madame A****

SALON OF 1904.





P. TOBERT.
Portrait of Madame P. J...

SALON OF 1904.



recover his mental balance and the free use of his innate powers.

Better would it have been for him to follow his own instinct, accept full responsibility and battle his own way than to be thus puffed up by a success which may possibly have no permanence, or demoralized by what may be expected of him, in any case relieved of any immediate effort and established in a false security apart from all normal conditions of life. No competition can bring out the gift of individual creativeness, than which nothing in the world is more elusive, or more recalcitrant to analysis. Is it the stay in Rome which, by some miracle, will engender in them this power? I admit that Rome may be an admirable teacher of strength and grandeur. Still, the mind must be prepared to learn the lesson. Rome does not surrender itself, it must be mastered gradually. What it holds of the good, the great and the pure is imbedded in a nugget, it does not present itself at the first glance. The theatrical and the artificial thrust themselves into the foreground. Artists, who are creatures of instinct and sensibility, are often wanting in general culture. Who is to be entrusted with the task of initiating in them a comprehension of the true masterpieces? of guiding them through the labyrinth of conflicting objects, or enabling them to distinguish real Greek art from imitations? They will be tempted to turn first to that which clamors for notice; they will be led astray by the pompous and theatrical eloquence of Bernini and all the other great craftsmen who have overwhelmed the squares and churches with their ostentatious degeneration. It cannot be denied that that art has its fascinations, and that its sonorous language is easier to hear than the gentle advice of Truth, since our existing sculpture tends more and more to restless bombast, grandiloquent and hollow. Rome, which should save and make sound, often poisons at the source the taste of its guests.

The institution which had in former days its uses, would seem, nowadays, to be decrepit and decayed: haply it might survive, but only on condition of being fundamentally reorganized and

rejuvenated. This is why the State modified and made more elastic its methods of encouragement. It understood the necessity of respecting the artist's individuality, while yielding him assistance, of laying no bonds on him while assuring to him, with no meddlesome tyranny, the means of developing himself on the lines of his own inclinations and idiosyncrasy. Antique art is doubtless the highest and most beautiful fount of inspiration, but there are different starting points for different temperaments. In this way arose the foundation of traveling scholarships. An artist attracted attention by a promising picture, the State stepped in and said to him, "My friend, I fancy I perceive in you a certain gift of expression, you seem to me destined by Heaven to reveal to us some day beautiful and touching things, concerning yourself, nature, and life. Consequently I take an interest in you. But don't stop in France. The air one breathes here is too heavy. Begin by denationalizing yourself, enlarge your horizon. Go to Amsterdam or London, Seville or Venice, Rome or Florence. You will better understand and appreciate your own country when you have compared it with others." The argument may seem a little eccentric at first sight, it is not, however, devoid of truth. The young man does instinctively feel the need of refreshing his imagination by travel, of enriching and strengthening it by comparisons. As long as we have only seen our own little corner of the world we are tempted to believe that elsewhere the trees are more luxuriant, the sky a deeper blue, mankind more beautiful. The further side of the hill will always powerfully attract the infantine curiosity which lingers in all of us :

Strange travellers, what wondrous tales
Your sea-deep eyes recount to us.

Beyond the dim blue line of the horizon, which his little legs can never reach, the child dreams of Russia and of Africa, of villages, lakes, and forests far more marvelous than those included in the round of his customary walks. It is, beyond a doubt, neces-

J. G. JACQUET.
A Musical Reverie.

SALON OF 1904.



J. J. LEFEBVRE.
Portrait of Mademoiselle A. L...

SALON OF 1904.



G. LAVERGNE.
Portrait.

SALON OF 1904.



sary to shift one's ground in order to realize the charm of everyday. Seen from afar it puts on the same mysterious glamour which bedizened for us the unknown. It is true that the artist is just the one who does not require distance in time or space before he can seize and express the poesy of the Actual. But, on the other hand, he is, as much, nay more, than others, susceptible to the attractions of the Distant. In the middle ages, once free of the studio in which the master instructed him in technical methods, the apprentice, light of pocket, but full of radiant hopes, went out to see the world. The choirs of our Gothic cathedrals draw from all the countries of Europe artists who will carry home with them the advantage of lessons learned and examples copied. According as one or another country leads in art, diverse currents of emigration are set up. The center of attraction shifts from one country to another, but thanks to these continual interchanges ideas are diffused, and influences make themselves felt at any distance. No discovery remains localized; in a brief while it becomes common property. Thus, when the brothers Van Eyck found out new means of expressing life in color, from Cologne, from Mayence, from Wurzburg and from Nurenberg, German apprentices, and not painters alone, but jewellers and sculptors, flocked into the Low Countries, to Ghent and to Bruges, and finished their educations in the vicinity of the great masters of the Netherlands, because at that time Flanders held the secret of art; technique, inspiration, all was higher there than elsewhere. Half a century later the positions were reversed. Then the Flemings and the Germans crossed the mountains in their turn no longer as innovators but as pupils. The current which flowed from South to North ebbed now from North to South. Dürer's father had gone down the Rhine, Dürer himself goes, without much doubt, to Basle and Colmar, perhaps even to Bruges, but chiefly to Venice. Mantegna appeals to him as strongly as, if not more so, than Schöngauer, and thenceforward the route is mapped out which so many

German, Dutch, and Flemish painters were to follow, not always, be it said, to the advantage of their own work or the national art.

It is, however, no longer to be feared nowadays that a French artist will exile himself and lose abroad the sense of his origin. The most active centre of production and discovery is still with us, and this might be, perchance, a reason for no longer leaving it, and for settling resolutely in the motherland and the social environment which will call for representation. But who can say from what point will come the sudden illumination, the sympathetic thrill, which, across the ages, shall arouse in the young man of to-day faculties still dormant? Will it be Velasquez at Madrid, or Raphael from the Vatican, or Giotto in Padua, or Rubens in Antwerp, who will waft to him the soul-stirring revelation? Let him travel then, but with mind and reflection more than with palette. While studying the masters in the galleries, let him study no less the living peoples and everlasting nature. Let him understand and realize on the spot the link which binds the work of art to the surroundings, social and natural, which produced it. He will then no longer be tempted to regard it as something impersonal, something apart from time and space; he will no longer be tempted to translate French art into Italian terms, however lovely they may be, but after comparing himself with others he will gain a fuller knowledge of his own inheritance.

It is, however, desirable that the artist should not be too much isolated, too much left to himself in the whirlpool of that novitiate which may prove so fruitful for him, but that he should find, in the chief cities in which art has left great memorials, some sort of refuge and of intellectual home. He must be saved from all easily-solved difficulties, all needless gropings, all loss of time. And this applies as much to all other workers, to craftsmen, to writers, as to painters. It would be easily attainable by an international arrangement. That which an isolated traveler would not venture to do on his own responsibility, he would do were he

A. MOROT.

Madame Aimé Morot and her daughter.

MAYON 01 1904.





W. MAC EWEN.

Adagio.

SALON OF 1904.





C. SACCAGI.
Inspiration.

SALON OF 1904.



authorized by a reciprocal interchange of friendly credentials, establishing a good understanding among the workers of various nations. As there were formerly diplomatic passports, can one not conceive artistic or scientific passports, recommending the artist or man of letters to his foreign fellow-workers, affording him easy access to museums, collections of engravings, libraries, assuring him of the willing assistance of curators if he had need of any explanations, reviving, in short, that confraternity of students which was unquestionably more widespread in the sixteenth century than in our days? On this point the State could usefully intervene, and it would be an inestimable boon for all were the exchange of ideas and acquaintances facilitated.

To sum up—the State, if it is to assist the artist, must before all respect his freedom, leave to him the choice of traveling or staying at home as he prefers, in no way laying down for him a pre-arranged programme, in no way imposing upon him an ideal, but recognizing and encouraging originality under whatever guise it presents itself. And the artist, on his part, must neither isolate himself nor linger on the outskirts of social life. He has too long regarded his art as unconnected with the other expressions of thought; and has himself too readily been treated as a spoilt child, amusing though somewhat troublesome, eccentric and noisy. It is not at all a question of leveling him down, it simply means that he must create for himself a higher conception of his position and dignity. We have every reason for drawing closer to him since his sudden intuitions reveal to us many things that our reason would never compass; and he also has something to gain by allying himself with all men who labor earnestly in whatsoever cause. In fact, we must recover the realization of the necessary and natural collaboration between all human activities. We must break down the artificial barriers dividing classes and castes. It is essential that men come together, lest “humanity” should be a phrase void of meaning.

But these reflexions have borne me far away from this year's Salon. To it I return. The *Edge of the Battle*, by Hoffbauer, is a work in which the strain after effect has to some extent triumphed over the love of truth; it gives the impression of a vigorous theatrical scene. *The Camp in the mountains*, by M. Gourdault, with its felicitous note struck by the two white horses in the darkness, also seems to me on too large a scale for the interest it contains. *The Stragglers of the caravan*, by M. Cabanes, are very adroitly disposed in picturesque groups under the blue mystery of the moonlight. Among the scenes borrowed from the East I will also mention two cleverly rendered works by M. Guillonnet, *The Fire dance* and *The Omen — a Moorish wedding*. M. Devambez is an illustrator full of energy and imagination. The scene from *Les Misérables* in which M. Madeleine accuses himself at the Court of Assizes, is rendered by him with power and breadth. His other picture, *Unappreciated*, shows us some æsthetes in furious discussion at a tavern. I confess it pleases me less. The irony is pointed and cruel. Daumier used to satirize the powers that be and the pomposity of the middle class. M. Devambez attacks the dwellers in fool's Paradise. It is another point of view. Yet who can say! Among these oddities may be perchance a Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. The unappreciated have frequently their posthumous revenge on those too quickly understood. The painters of domestic life are no less numerous than at the Société Nationale. An *Interior at Bruges*, by Selmy, recalls the strong manner of the Belgian Struys, but here the realism is heavy and vulgar. And is it not rash of M. Troncy to borrow a movement, an effect of light, from the delightful Van der Meer, and to invite a crushing comparison with a figure so poor and commonplace as that he places before a mirror? Miller has two notable canvases, *The Crinoline* and more especially *The Old maids*, so subtly and tenderly observed and with a placid harmony which recalls Whistler. In his rich and brilliant interiors Gelhay



H. UMBRIGHT.
Portrait of Mademoiselle de K...

SALON OF 1774





M^{lle} E. SONREL.
Liège.

Salon of 1904



gives excessive importance to the furniture in relation to the figures. *Cinderella*, by Rieder, is agreeable, and in *Summer evening* he contrasts the blue of night with the pale gold of a lamp. Decamps has two interiors in Picardy entirely true in effect and rich in color, *A Gleam of sunlight*, and *After the meal*. *The Opium den at Hanoi*, by Vollet, and *The Interior*, by Paul Thomas, are also works of delicate conception and facile execution. I will also mention a charming *Little Dutch girl*, by Barthold; *The Sketches*, by Sawe; a remarkable canvas by Grün, *Sur le Parquet*; the excellent *Copper vessels*, by Hubbell; an old woman by a stove, the materials and still-life very delicately treated, by Mademoiselle Comte; the nave of a church by Sauvage; the lively humor of Chayllery in his *Little Students*; *The Hearth*, by Bonnet, in which one remarks the lovely maternal gesture and the artless faces of the children; *The Evening prayer*, by Ida Lovering; *The Dolls*, by Camoreyt; the delicately luminous flowers by Quost, and those delicately modeled by Madame Blacke; *The Reader*, by Balestrieri; *The Interior, Normandy*, and another in Auvergne, by Franck Bail, the *Woman in white* and the *Sleeping Woman*, by Louis Charlot.

Joseph Bail is the recognized and popular master in the class. In *The Watchers* exhibited this year the effect is very dexterously rendered, and the stream of light well carried out to its logical conclusions. It throws into high relief the serious woman reading and the pretty servant-girl who listens; in the middle distance, on the left, the faint light from a lantern adds piquancy to this sage and sober piece of work. One thinks of the Dutch and Nicolas Maes; one thinks of them too much. The mind is irresistibly diverted to the museums, one has not the feeling of a window opening on to life. This remarkable painting, this frigid and impersonal art exemplifies sufficiently well all that acquired knowledge can supply when the eager search for the unknown does not inspire it. And this is the blot common to many estimable works. Knowledge is not lacking but it is knowledge already

established, which contemplates no new outlook on life or on the world. A work in which the spirit of novelty does not throb may be an evidence of talent, but not a living source of emotion. There is something inhuman in absolute certitude. Properly speaking such does not exist for a sincere mind, since knowledge acquired is ever but the foothold for attaining a step upward on the ladder. That which makes the living spirit of a work of art is the deliberate effort of a man to multiply his points of contact with nature. The very hesitations, uncertainties, gropings of a mind which seeks are just what stirs us, because these are incidental to man, condemned by his nature to eternal seeking. Whatever he may know, the truth is still beyond him, and beauty overwhelms him with a yet unforeseen revelation. He, who is never carried by what he feels further than what he can achieve, who never writhes under a sense of his insufficiency, has never known the eternal forces of which Goethe speaks; he cannot hope to draw us after him. Love unsatisfied is the true Eros, it has for symbol the everlasting revival of desire.

When we speak of the modern note, of modern work, we mean nothing more. Modernity lies in no way in the subject. This word, unsatisfactory enough since it has been so much misused, has but one meaning. To be modern signifies to foster the science of to-morrow while relying on the science of yesterday; it denotes an understanding that each mystery unveiled only opens out a remoter and more amazing outlook into a vaster mystery. All the old masters have prepared the way for those of to-day; it behoves these to render the same services to the future. One does not bring the same eagerness to preservation as to discovery. The only great love is that for an unknown type of beauty. In the illimitable nature which surrounds us sounds, shapes, and colors which are the outward symbols of our inward feelings are for ever passing. The artist is he who grasps the analogies and connexions, evokes them from the indefinite environment in which we float, embodies them in unexpected forms and renders them obvious to

M^{me} CÉCILE DE WENTWORTH.
Portrait of Mademoiselle E...

SALON OF 1904.



J. J. H. GEOFFROY.
Convalescents in the Infirmary at Beaune.

SALON OF 1904.



our senses. It is then, when all is said, a new, eager, ingenuous, imperious manner of feeling the life of the universe that makes the artist. He who would make his way into the unbroken chain of torch-bearers must first endure the agony in the face of the unknown.

Many people will assure you in a tone of scornful superiority that artists are always repeating themselves. If by that we understand that they remain faithful to their personalities, the thing is self-evident; that each has a marked predilection for certain themes nothing is more natural. It is neither desirable nor possible that they should change their souls, but it is necessary that they should enlarge them. The subjects they treat matter little, invention inhering not in the subject but in the treatment. Their eternal, their sole object is nature. In primitive times they thought only of mastering that, and dramatic arrangement had only a very secondary importance. Every effort was directed to imitative effect. Later art expresses and composes, relates and instructs, to its own detriment it forgets in so doing its essential aim. But the great remain great through their reliance on nature. The decadence sets in when the accessory encroaches on and overpowers the principal, when the picture becomes drama, romance, anecdote. Thus, the severe realistic discipline, which at the end of the Romantic movement brought art back to nature, was necessary and beneficent. After that you may have the impassioned lyricism of a Carrière, the epic grandeur of a Puvis, the sparkling fantasy of a Besnard; but be epic, lyric, or dramatic by your manner of interpreting nature, not by literary methods. Your means of expression, painters and sculptors, are the characters of forms.

What a beautiful thing is a portrait which in a flash reveals to us the secret of a human being, the individual nature of his character and thoughts. One is arrested by a look in sympathy with one's own, by a silent confidence which attracts one. The lips and the eyes speak. Their harmony or their discord betrays to us the secret drama of a life. Our portrait painters pay too

much heed to arrangement and preparation. They speak less of the man as he is than of the man as he wishes to appear. Their models pose themselves and mean to impress or charm. We observe, however, some sincere and carefully studied works. A portrait of a man by Seymour-Thomas is firm and fine in expression, at once tranquil and animated. Jamet has a good portrait of a woman in black, expressive and serious; J. Triquet two portraits of women, sober in color, living and speaking, with a little too much emphasis on the eyes and lips. Bordes, Madame Vallet-Bisson, Albert Thomas, Mademoiselle J. Saint, Madame Lucas, Duvent also exhibit some good female portraits, delicate and strong. There is wanting, perhaps, a more marked charm of color, a more decisive accent in the face before the portrait of an artist by Déchenaud can win whole-souled acceptance. That of M. Drouet by Patricot has dignity of demeanor. Several foreign painters have learned from Whistler to simplify the tones and plans in order to confine the attention to the essential. Thus does Greene Richards in his *Young Girl with the green bag*, Lawton Parker in two portraits of women with too short and squat figures; Du Mond in a delicately harmonious picture: *My Daughter and her Grandfather*. There may also be discovered, exiled to the "sky," two pretty women with bright and expressive looks by Coote. In a style somewhat out of date nowadays it is only fair to note two singularly impressive portraits of *Octave Gréard* and *E. Danthesse*, by Madame de Mirmont; among the pastels a fine and robust work by René Gilbert. Without renewing or refreshing the outlook on the world, the landscapes include a number of perceptions and subtle interpretations. Gosselin, faithful to the soft endings in fine days, conveys well the caress of the fading sunlight on pale tree-trunks and verdure. Jacques-Marie loves also the hour of Cazin and bathes in waning light the *Mill at Ulay* and *The Village of Larchant* whose ancient church rears itself at the foot of the hill against a tranquil distance. With the lush herbage which fringes the

A. MERCIÉ.
Diana's slumbers.

SAISON DE 1900.



J. LECOMTE DU NOUY
The Sorceress.

STON. CL. 1904.



Stream of Soustons, Auguin exhibits an exquisite *Seashore* with its grey modulations and limpid distances. Motelez conveys lusciously the moisture of Norman orchards, and Rémond the violet hazes which distil from the bays of Brittany. Trigoulet sends two remarkable canvases: *Tarring fishing-smacks* and *The Return from fishing*, where the chill and watery blue of the sky harmonizes with the pale greys of northern beach. The *Adour*, by Foreau, the golden skies of Cachoud, the moonlight of Hareux, *Evening*, the *Hills of the Ain*, and the *Meadow of the Mouy*, by Grosjean; *The Millstones*, by Bouché; *The Threatening Storm*, by Diéterlé; the *Prawn Fishers*, by Debon; *The River*, with its washerwomen by Thiérot; *The Moorland Road*, by the Dutchman Gorter; the *Mussel Gatherers at Newport*, by the Belgian Hermanus; the *November Afternoon*, by Meyvis; *The Garden*, by Burggraff; the *Dordrecht*, strong and bright, by Chigot, the southern brilliancies of Décanis, Yarz, and P. Bertrand, the full sunlight of Jan Monchablon, the *grisailles* of Mademoiselle Valentine Pépe, a shivering winter by G. Lefebvre, and the summery Jura by Isenbart, will be appreciated. I note quite especially a grey and golden autumn by Marché; *The Bend of the Road*, by Cauvy; *The Towing Path*, by Dabadie, and his exquisitely felt *Square at Pontrieux*.

But for great impressiveness, for power, and a somewhat romantic, poetical effect it must be admitted that the Anglo-Saxon school of landscape painters again this year stands in the forefront. The *View of Durham*, by Hill; the *Port of Dorset*, by Hughes-Stanton, the seascape by Allan; *The Clyde* and *The Thames*, by Kay; *Autumn Shadows*, by Coutts-Michie; the *Coming Tempest*, by Spenlove; the *Gathering Storm*, by Hetherington; the works of Alfred East, Aston Knight, Eaton, Robertson, Dougherty, for breadth of design and rich humidity of atmosphere are things of genuine beauty. Finally I must not overlook either the Spaniard Sorolla, and his two babies so sparkling and flashing with sunlit water, nor the German Borchardt with his strong portrait

of a man, nor Warner and his delicate nocturne, nor the Italian Cavalleri and his *Dream of Springtime*, nor *The Tramway*, by Synave, or the little violin-player by Grau. To those whom I may have omitted I would tender this excuse; if I say one word which is in sympathy with your feelings and gives you confidence in yourself is that not worth far more than a piece of praise?

If we endeavor to take in at a glance an output more varied than profound, and more manifold than intense, it would seem difficult enough to determine in what direction the evolution of contemporary art is tending. One fact, however, stands out clearly enough, that it is turning more to familiar life than to the heroic, and that the gift of observing, of seeing and stating with accuracy is in excess of the faculty of imagination. Should we be anxious or regretful for this? I think not. In the first place because the imagination of the artist is shown less in invention than in discovery, less in co-ordinating facts and interpreting ideas than in rendering sensible those which are implicitly contained in natural forms. The fault of all decadences lies in their reliance either on the assertion of facts, or on the didactic enunciation of ideas, in a word on the subject and in substituting deductive reasoning for direct instinct. Art is not prohibited from narrating or thinking, but insomuch as it expresses itself in terms of space and not of time, it is capable of revealing states rather than acts, lyrical moments rather than dramatic adventures. It is a mere commonplace that the purest masterpieces are spiritual not narrative. What are the figures sitting or lying on the pediment of the Parthenon engaged upon? They are content to live, to breathe, to be; but with so much fulness, so tranquil a majesty that our poor existence seems bloodless and anæmic by the side of the vitality that throbs through their marble limbs. It is true that in the metopes of Phygalia warriors and amazons contest, strike, and strain. The muscles contract and expand, the bodies rise and fall. The interest, however, lies not in the fact but in the form of action; the wounded

A. BROUILLET.
Country Life.

SALON OF 1904.





E. J. BULAND.

The Private still; a visit from the Excise, 1904.

SALON OF 1904.



amazon, who sinks wearily into the arms of her companion, is a poem of deep and tender sensibility which is sufficient in itself. On the pediment at Ægina again the representation of the combat is childishly impossible, each figure is but a study in action. And what can one say of the Diadumenes, the charioteers, the basket-bearers? The moral is nothing, nature is everything. Motionless, absorbed in the tenderness or depth of the dream, or at the most suggesting a slow and stately movement in harmony with their draperies, the gothic statues have nothing more moving than their silent intensity and the sweet solemnity of their attitudes. Little or nothing is happening in the works of Van Eyck and Memling. A nude woman standing on a globe, a white heavy-haunched horse, a winged figure in meditation, an old man leaning on a desk, these are matters enough for Dürer to reveal his mighty mind in. Controversy still continues on the subject of *The Night Watch*, and *The Syndics of the Drapers* are just honest folks quite naturally gathered round a table. Fromentin observed long since to what an extent, for the whole Dutch school, the central idea of the picture was insignificant and indifferent. The subject, so to speak, counts for nothing, the story is almost absent, the whole interest lies in the general truths of humanity and nature. It is true that Rembrandt delighted in the beautiful Biblical stories, but that was because the universality of the legends confers on them a symbolical importance. When Tobit sets out with the angel in search of the marvelous fish we are shown no more than the adventurous starting of two little comrades, one of whom has wings, for the glamour of the great world.

No doubt after periods of heroic expansion the epic sense has its revivals, and art may by accident become narrative. May be it is the sudden check to the tendencies towards the glorious in movement which explains the predilection of our romanticists for dramatic and violent gesticulation. But who would deny that the school of 1830, and later Puvis and the open-air school, have res-

tored to art its true mission in demanding from it the expression of the lyrical sentiment of nature, the sense of reality and human conditions? One hears it asserted sometimes that great works can only arise from great actions. But there is more than one kind of action. One can act in the line of thought, as well as in the line of war or politics, and intellectual victories have a deeper and more lasting influence on the world than military triumphs. Greece might not, perhaps, have been Greece without Marathon and Salamis, but it is the greatness of her thoughts, the continuous and serene possession of a human ideal harmonizing completely with the forces of nature that makes the greatness of her art. The Middle Ages discovered a new form of beauty in the exaltation of the inner life and the striving after the divine. In reconciling two antagonistic principles, mind and matter, the antique energy and the Christian spirituality, the Renaissance created an admirable type of tender and reflective sensuality and of etherealized vigor. Nothing is lost in the course of the ages. Something of pagan healthfulness extends to the gothic ecstasy, and the gentleness which Christian sentiment infused into the hearts of men persists in the revived paganism of the Renaissance. The entire past lives in us and prepares us for a fuller comprehension of our humanity. The man, the artist of to-day, ought he not to feel most vividly the bond of necessity which binds the mystery of his existence to the universal mystery, and the tie of sympathy which chains the unit still more closely to its fellow-units? Ought he not to borrow from antiquity its strong and stoical resignation to the laws of nature, from Christianity its tenderer and deeper sympathy with all humankind? This sympathy, extended to embrace every form of existence, rejoicing in every beauty, sharing every sorrow in the world—is not this the eternal spring of poetry and art?

I do not know what the art of to-morrow may be, but I shall be greatly surprised if it be uninspired by that sentiment of humanity which, in a disturbed and confused epoch, is nevertheless that which



H. J. HARPIGNIES.

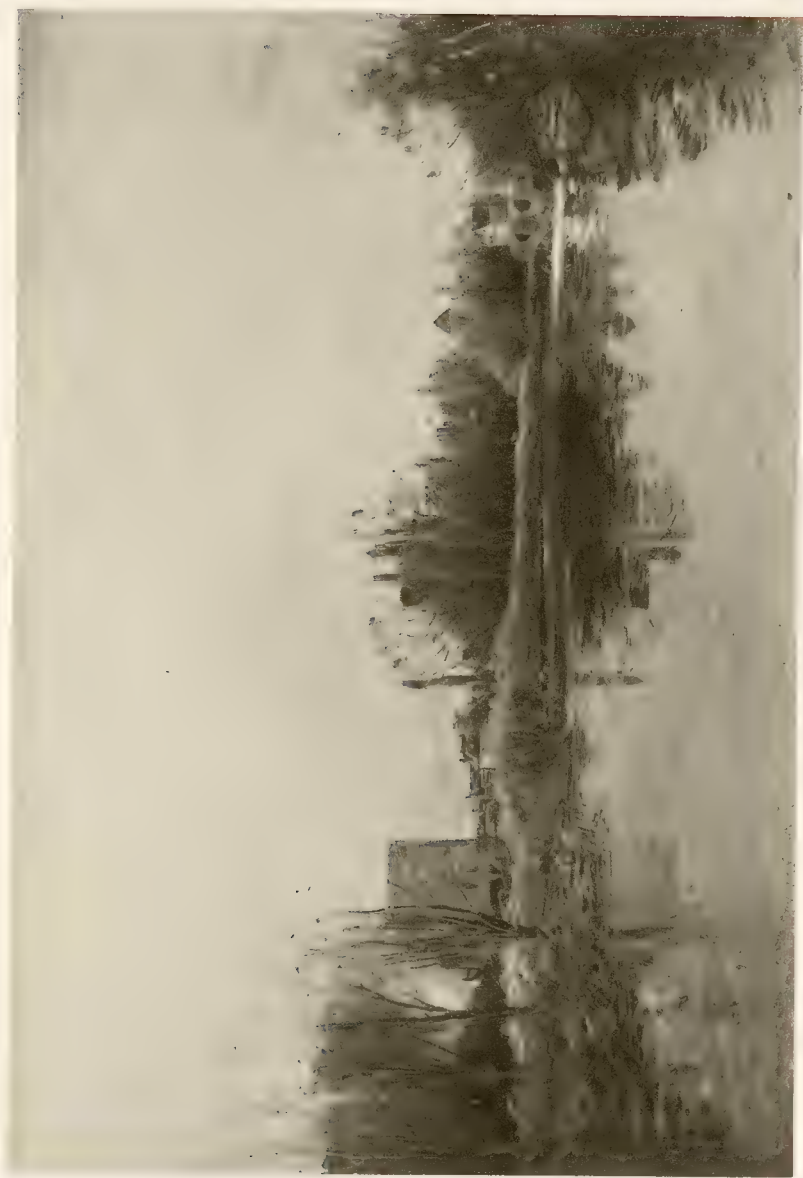
The Close of Summer: environs of Hérisson.

SAISON DE 1904.



J. B. A. GUILLEMET.
The Dungeon Tower, Moret.

SALON OF 1904.



tends most energetically to realize itself in heart and mind, in institutions and in manners. Every time that the human conscience has shaken off ancient fears and oppressive prejudices in rediscovering the harmony between its instincts and its reflexions, art, which is the delight of free men, has responded to this enlargement of mind. Art is a cry of admiration and discovery. It is, reconsidered and interpreted by a maturer mind, the intoxication of the child, which, on a fine May morning, lost in the tall herbage, to the murmur of insects, the waving of branches, the full chorus of birds flitting through the foliage, feels suddenly the flood of universal life run in his veins and beat in his heart.

I cannot foresee the future; it is enough to know and appreciate the present. The spirit blows where it listeth; the evening gives no pledge for the morrow. Periods of great and eager productiveness may succeed a time of barrenness and inanition. The currents of art follow mysterious laws that one can rarely detect. It happens that, all of a sudden, the stream sinks into the sand, to vanish for ever or to reappear a little further on. How can one account for the sudden extinction of Dutch art after a century of glorious activity? The cause of decadences is not yet sufficiently explained. Are we on the eve of one of these inter-regnums? Some carping spirits seem to think so, and even the apprehension would be disturbing, if there were really any excuse for it. I confess it seems to me but little justified. To regard things as a whole, there has certainly come a most interesting revival in the art of sculpture, simultaneously with a very marked persistence of the traditional characteristics of our art. That, I hold, is the reassuring conclusion to be drawn from this study. Painting may appear more uncertain, but that is only natural after the uninterrupted exertions of a whole century. But, without speaking of such a master as Carrière, there too something is evolving before our eyes the results of which are not yet very clear. If, combining mentally the two Salons, we group in a

single category talents already ripe, such as those of Maurice Denis and Henri Martin, of Aman-Jean and Ernest Laurent, if we think of all the young artists who promise well and already attain, Cosson and d'Estienne, Dugardier and Duvent, Mesdemoiselles Dufau and Chauchet, Madame Delvolvé, Bergès, Steck, Saglio, Leclercq, etc., we shall perceive that it would be premature as yet to pronounce the funeral oration of French art. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, that is to say, not long before German art was destined to rise to its highest pitch, a Suabian painter, Lucas Moser, inscribed on a retable in a village church his despairing opinions of the future of art, and that at the very hour when Flemish influence was renewing and reviving the national school, some ten years before Dürer appeared. These optical illusions are common in periods of transition. Those who have lived according to one formula are always inclined to think that all is lost when that is abandoned. Ingres already bewailed the irremediable decline of French art, and we all know by what a prolific renaissance our school has given the lie to his pessimistic predictions. A period of experiment is not necessarily a time of degeneration. One thing alone is to be dreaded, that is the pedantic self-satisfaction which brings stagnation. But research, even when it arrives at incomplete results, is far better than a pretended perfection which lives on its memories. We hear much of a threatening though peaceful invasion. Foreigners, they say, capture the best places in our Salons and attract attention to the detriment of our own artists. And they contemplate I know not what protective measures which would be at once an injustice and a blunder. When in real fact French art has to fear comparisons, which is not yet, I believe, the case, it will be vain indeed to attempt to blink to ourselves or to conceal from others the true state of affairs. Paris would only lose its high reputation as a hospitable city without any compensation. Such a sullen, timorous attitude would prove wholly to her disadvantage. The men of



W. DIDIER-POUGET.

Morning: Heath in blossom - Corvèze.

SALON OF 1904.



L. V. WATELIN.
Pré Saint-Iloi; — Normandy.

SALON OF 1904



talent who exhibit among us would have no difficulty in securing recognition and appreciation elsewhere. They pay honor to our good taste in seeking our hall-mark on their reputations. We should be very ill-advised to afford them an unfriendly reception. It is to be hoped, on the contrary, that they will come in increasing numbers, and for my part I greatly regret that certain artists, as for example the Germans Uhde and Liebermann, and the Dane Viggo Johansen, have forgotten the way to our exhibitions. It would be a confession of weakness on our part should we wall ourselves off and isolate ourselves, from a puerile fear of competition. Let us then open wide our doors to every guest who, while giving us information on the progress of art abroad, acquaints us at the same time with our own qualities. Let us even tolerate certain exaggerated infatuations and the mania we always have for depreciating ourselves. Generosity in such a case is still the wisest policy. Everything which excites the activity of the mind is salutary; to encourage a sense of security by ignorance is the most foolish and most disastrous practice. I decline to ratify the bubble reputations which verbose incompetents have attempted at times to thrust upon us; but I have no sympathy with that crabbed and jealous attitude which will admit of no talents but our own. Should a genius appear beyond our frontiers what Wall of China could hinder him from making his way among us? And what benefit should we gain by his exclusion? There are people who hold a singular idea of the French spirit and the education that befits it. On their showing it is of so delicate a complexion that the slightest breath from without would serve to ruffle it and drive it astray. It behoves to keep it in a hot-house and set close guard about it. It is obviously regrettable that Tolstoï has been translated or Wagner presented in our theatres. This shows but a weakly confidence in the originality of our national genius. When one sees so many minds striving to be French, and nothing but French, one ends by caring only for those who are so without knowing it. It

has become a profession and a career simply to belong to one's country. Vigilant and suspicious custom-house officers guard the frontiers and pounce on any ideas which try to smuggle themselves in. This one decrees that we have had no national music since Auber and Boïeldieu; that other has discovered that the eighteenth century was not French, no doubt because Voltaire was so wrong as to read Locke, and Diderot Richardson. How regrettable it is that the Genevan Rousseau was not sent back sooner to his watches; he would not then have infected our pre-eminently national blood with the virus of reverie and German lyrism! What a pity again that Watteau should have borrowed from Rubens something of his fire and glowing color! They might, at any rate, explain why what is so deadly for us should have been so profitable to others. Goethe did not feel that he was humbling himself in paying generous homage to Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau, in acknowledging frankly that they had been the initiators of his genius, the liberators of his mind. Was he any the less German for that? But the notion which certain people entertain of the French spirit is truly comic. It is something frail and subtle, lively and insipid, swift and clear, without breadth or depth. Let us above all be light and gay. It would seem that Pascal was frivolous and La Rochefoucauld jovial. The Isle of France thus delimited is singularly cramped. This ideal district is bounded by Horace Vernet and Meissonier, by Andrieux and Béranger. "Angle and Teuton," cried J. J. Weiss to Taine; but he did not suspect him of having made a shameful compact with the foreigner. To be certain of remaining oneself it would evidently be best to put out one's eyes and seal one's ears. The method is not new. The *catoblépas* invented it. This animal, so well described by Flaubert, existed by gnawing its own paws, it could affirm, without fear of contradiction, that it was self-sustaining.

L. M. J. RIDEL.
A story of the past.

SALON OF 1904.



F. TATTEGRAIN.

The Distribution of Awards: - Paris Universal Exhibition of 1900.

SALON OF 1904.



M. H. ORANGE.

The Caille Gallun (Highland sword dance).

SALON OF 1904.



SCULPTURE.



AFTER we have spent some time in the great hall devoted to sculpture we begin to persuade ourselves that the eighteenth century is not dead. The nineteenth, to which we bade adieu but yesterday, seems to recede into the distance ; its strained classicism, then its romantic passion, its efforts after an elegant and severe Renaissance, its pathetic realism, all that it outlined, attempted, wished for with various fortunes, is more or less forgotten ; the national temperament, in following its bent, returns to the fine and voluptuous softness, the amusing frivolity which marked the effeminate century of charm. The religious and somewhat over-emphatic eloquence of a funereal monument, philosophical allegories, ingenious fancies, but above all a commentary a thousand chapters long on Ovid's *Art of Love* and his *Metamorphoses* are the things that strike one in the first place. In thus harking back to the past, sculpture expresses sufficiently well one of the aspects, the most superficial may be, but the most obvious of the modern world. Despite the vague misgivings which it feels, and perhaps foreseeing that this will endure but for a time, this world lets itself live in a scene of brilliant prosperity and clings Epicurean-like to the passing hour. It amuses itself with a brilliant game of ideas ; it has or would like to have beliefs which it defends from a spirit of caste, or else rises to audacities of thought which are all a matter of fashion. No burning passion sways it, no great idea directs it. We are aware of a general tension in mind and will. It seems as if everyone were in a hurry to play with rights which are no longer secure. Lofty emotions frighten us, grave words jar. If instinct, with its somewhat brutal grandeur, should appear one feels sure that these mincing statues, so well bred, so suavely gracious, would turn pale and totter on their bases. Imagine what the Salon was when the harsh Rude

reigned, or during the battles for Romanticism, or later, when Carpeaux was infusing into marble his nervous pain. Nowadays, all is calm, gentle and polished, languishing and daintily frivolous. Is the *Daphnis* of Darbefeuille a Sicilian peasant or the most elegant and the most lanky of Athenian youths? Touched by the swan's wing the *Leda* of Fontaine experiences the gentlest thrill in the world, and her modest and reserved gesture is a pretty invention. Narcissus is the hero of the day. M. Malric and M. Champeil stretch him frail and slender on the ground, M. Baurcour shows him unresponsive to the advances of the nymph Echo. The *Bacchus* of Carlès is a small divinity, quite amiable and well-behaved, he might have presided at the banquets of the "Caveau;" *Coquetry*, by Hercule, is an entirely dainty figure. *The Nymph at the Spring*, by Levasseur, is simple and graceful, and that by Bourlange stretches herself with a pretty *Awakening* gesture. The Clytie by Virieux finds herself turning into a sunflower, and among *The Earliest blossoms* of spring the young shepherd by Made-moiselle Fanny Rozet marvels at the delicate grace of his companion, who lies smiling on the sward, remembering evidently the nymph of Fontainebleau. At these tender frolics the little Cupid whom Max Blondat has perched on a column of onyx might well preside. He has a proud and mischievous air, this little scamp, and appears to me undoubtedly to be devising some roguish trick. M. Blondat has a pretty wit and, I say this without any reservation, he has the sculptor's wit. His design for a fountain is charming. He groups on the summit of a rock three children clinging together and watching with amused curiosity the doings and movements of three frogs on the further edge of the basin, and it is the perfection of truth and comic fancy. I like no less a second fountain, that by M. Derré, *Little fountain of the Innocents* he calls it, intended for a garden or popular centre. A robust mother holds in her arms and presses to her breast a buxom infant, who, after the example of the *Mennikin* at Brussels, satisfies



E. FONTAINE.

The Thrill.

(Group, marble)

SALON OF 1904.



M. BLONDAT.
Children and Frogs.
(Group, plaster, fountain.)

SALON OF 1904.



E. DERRÉ.
Fountain of the Innocents.

For a public square or garden.

(Plaster.)

SALC 06 1004.



a natural need; laughing heads of infants accompany the central group and the artist, forestalling objections, invokes the ancestor of the Gallic laugh and overflowing joy, the stout lover of nature who thought "'tis better of laughter than of tears to write." Nor does the portrait of the philosopher *Séailles* so subtly particularized as to the eyes and lips, which M. Derré sends, please me any less than this joyous and popular fountain. Two monumental figures, the *Duchess of Alençon* by M. Barrias, and *Prince Henry of Orléans* by M. Mercié, reappear in marble. Both are moving. I must, however, protest, in the first case, against a feeble and fidgetty execution which destroys the effect of the fine lines; in the second against the selection of a too momentary movement which seems to me less eloquent than the sovereign calm of death. M. Mercié exhibits also a statue of *Musset*, of which the very conception appears to me open to question. Seated on a bench the painter listens to the "Night of May" who comes to mitigate his suffering, and reawaken his inspiration. I take into full consideration the difficulty of the problem the artist had to solve and do not impute it as a crime that he has only half succeeded. A statue of *Musset*, how can one conceive of that? Is there a spirit more untranslatable by plastic art? One understands without difficulty how Houdon was able to fix for ever the gaunt strenuousness, the flashing glance and sardonic smile of Voltaire; how Rodin was able to make of Hugo that prodigious and dominating Titan who loosens or binds the forces of nature; even Lamartine, whom, however, Falguière so hopelessly failed over—one can imagine for oneself with sufficient clearness the fine and lofty profile of that lyrical idealist. But *Musset*, from which side shall we take him—the master of melancholy irony, the tender-hearted mocker, the dandy and the poet, the man of whom Heine said: "The Muse of Comedy had kissed his lips, and the Muse of Tragedy his heart." *Musset*, the spoilt child who could not grow up, and the poet with such profound intuitions, part Voltaire, and

part Shakespeare, something of Marivaux, a little of Racine, the most composite spirit, the least consistent soul; he who, still young, believed he had seen his double and could never again bring together the dissevered halves of himself, and who through that incurable division made his whole art gloomy; truly I know not what genius could plastically convey that evasive and complex figure. Let us say merely that M. Mercié has not that genius, and that his Musset unhappily recalls the well-known and unjust phrase of Flaubert, who could not forgive the writer because of the pretensions of the man of the world. Simple and harmonious in its lines, eloquent without bombast, is the group by M. Sicard; *For the Country* is one of the best works that the memory of 1870 has produced among us. The France especially, pensive and resolved, is thoroughly expressive in her proud dignity and restrained grief. I cannot say so much for the *Monument to Governor-General Ballay*, by M. Allouard. The composition of it is solemnly commonplace, and although the artist has carefully studied the types of the dark races, as we see in a bust of a Foulha woman which does not lack distinction, he has not infused into his work anything of the rich African nature.

But here are some works which manifest a craving for novelty, a faculty of more modern expression. There is a charming feeling for domestic life in a bas-relief by Drivier, *The Family*, only the mother and the babe are not sufficiently bound together. *Consolation*, by David, a group of young women and a little girl, recommends itself by its simplicity of treatment and discreet tenderness of sentiment. In the same way a group by M. Lafauche, *Weariness*, reveals a true sensibility which never verges on romance. That is the stumbling-block of sculpture when it tries to appeal to pity, and I cannot say that M. Cordonnier has altogether avoided it in composing his group *On the Pavement*. This street-singer has in the expression of her distress I know not what of a professional air, which jars somewhat. I prefer a little group inspired

F. SICARD.
For the Fatherland.
(Group, marble.)

SALON OF 1904.



L. LAPORTE-BLAIRSY.

The Wreck.

(Group plaster.)

FOOT 10 NOTES



E. GAUDISSARD.

Spring.

Statue, wax.

SALON OF 1904.



by the *Poor Folk* of Victor Hugo, by the same artist—the wife of a fisherman bearing under her cloak the two children unconscious of their mother's death. There is pathetic realism in *The Wreck* by M. Laporte-Blairsy. Bereaved mothers and wives see, thrown up by the waves, the fragments of the fishing-boat, and think of the son and husband who shall return no more. The grouping of these women has a simple dignity, the draperies are well cast, and the child, hiding in its mother's skirts, vaguely frightened without knowing why, is a piece of touching truth. A statue in stone by M. Gaudissard, *Kindness*, is praiseworthy for the exquisitely simple charm of the gesture of welcome and for its harmonious pose. This same artist contributes a statue in wax of *Spring* which, not without recalling the antique Eros, expresses with abundant delicacy that first awakening of nature and the first thrill of desire. These are works which promise much for the future.

There is no longer a question for M. d'Houdain, whose recent death is a heavy loss to French art. He had already made his mark in the sculpture of the Salon, but he had never before exhibited anything so profoundly fascinating, so fine and so sweetly modulated in execution as these *Portraits of Mesdemoiselles M. and A. L.*, so ingeniously brought together on one base, so subtly united by a family likeness, both lifelike, tender and well-considered, and entirely French in feeling. I can find nothing in the Salon more freely traditional or which better conveys the spirit of our race. It is with genuine grief that one thinks of this prematurely broken career. There are some pretty passages, notably some naive and sturdy infants, in a bas-relief by M. Legastelois, *Motherhood*, executed for the *Crèche* of Saint-Maurles-Fossés. It is a rest and a refreshment to encounter a natural attitude among so many studied and artificial poses. What theatrical positions! How well these figures for the most part know and feel that they are being looked at! Why should the suffi-

ciently graceful *Anemone* by Mademoiselle Laurent wear such an artful air, she the most frank and rustic of flowers? And why does the *Manon* by M. Bastet, that pretty, almost naively perverse girl, throw herself into so provoking a pose? No, this certainly is not the little friend of Des Grieux. *The Torrent* by M. L. Bertrand hurls itself downwards with redoubtable uproar, but at any rate its turbulence is justified by its very title. But how many of these statues would gain by moderating their gesticulations, by not striking the air, by living a more inward life. Gustave Michel is one of those who know how to express thought by form. His *Rapture of Infinity* is a sober and solidly conceived work. The *Christ* by Just Becquet is also an austere production of severe and judicious execution. But his *Joseph in Egypt* is most unpleasing, a feeble, flaccid figure, sickly and seemingly humpbacked. I remark again a real force of expression in the *Silence* by M. Loiseau-Bailly; a very natural reckless grace in the *Drunkenness* by Thivier; a pretty balance of line and suppleness of modeling in a nude figure by Nicot, *After the Bath*; and beauty of sentiment in a group by M. Marx: *Refuges*.

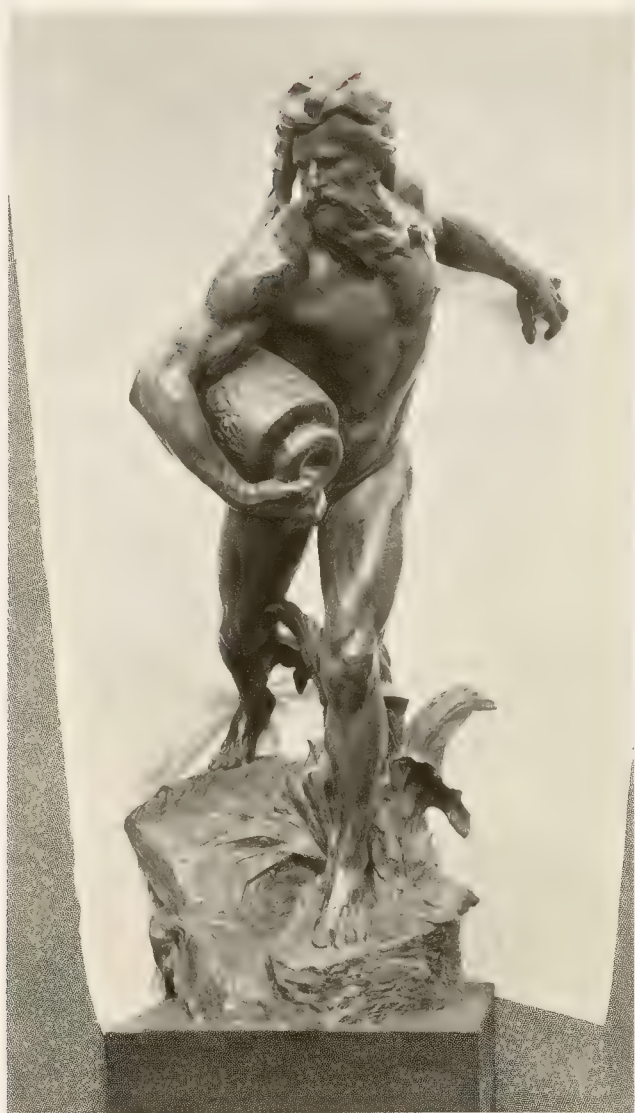
Why do most of the busts wear a look of irritation, stiffness, self-sufficiency or enticement? Why so many frowning brows, so many bristling moustachios, so many threatening glances, so many expressions of importance, so few of simplicity? Because the artist nearly always sees the sitter posing, and does not penetrate to his individuality, his every-day manner when he is alone and off the stage. Let us then seek those who show us something more than a mere superficial skill and likeness. There is an excellent bust of the painter *Le Sidaner*, by M. Desruelles, fine, well thought out, full of life; there is a very characteristic portrait of the *Abbé Follioley*, by M. Theunissen; a vivacious and spirited portrait of *Pierre Baudin*, by M. Vital-Cornu; an agreeable and simple bust of *O. Jeanne*, by the Swiss sculptor Enderlin; the portrait of *Mademoiselle M...*, with a bright smile and lively expres-

L. BERTRAND.

The Torrent.

(Statue bronze.)

SALON OF 1904.





G. MICHEL.
A Vision of the Infinite.
(Stone plaster)

EXHIBITION OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS
1883

SALON DE 1884



sion, by the American sculptor Brooks; a sedate bust by M. Caron; *Richard Wagner*, by Hexamer; the portrait of *Frédéric Passy*, by Cernigliari-Melilli, and that of *M. Ribot*, by Moncel; the bust of *Mademoiselle P. D.*, by M. Fossé; *The Dean of St. Albans*, by the English sculptor Gotto, and the portrait of *M. F...*, by Loysel. Verlet exhibits a pleasing bust of a young woman, Récipon the portraits of *M. Thomas* and *Dr. Grancher*; Bernstamm an energetic portrait of *Léon Bonnat*.

The vigorous talents of our animal sculptors are well-recognized. Gardet does himself no injustice in his *Major*, a sheep-dog, and his groups of *Cats*. The *Two Friends (Baboon and Dog)*, by Paillet, form a group excellent for its spirit and ease; another, *Monkey fighting a Boa*, by M. Sanchez, is adroitly handled. Among the statuettes I will note those of Gasq; *Grand Papa*, by Grosjean; and a statuette in tinted plaster by Greber; those by Gouveia and Rivière-Théodore, and two perfectly exquisite little things by Madame Ruth-Millès: the *Gust of Wind* and the *Dutch Girl*.

It would be unjust to blame the artists of to-day alone for a certain insipidity displayed in the bronzes and marbles. It must be owned that circumstances are scarcely in their favor. Neither the wants nor the tastes of the public incite them to speak the grave and austere tongue of sculpture. If they are content to please and amuse, let us make the best of it and recognize that they are not asked to do aught else. In seeking only for the agreeable one runs grave risks of missing deeper feelings, and higher thoughts. A great art of sculpture can only exist normally in association with a great architecture, lending itself to its rhythm and borrowing from it its monumental character. Now a large proportion of the figures exhibited at the Salons have no practical destination, they are artificial works whose chief defect is that they fulfil no purpose. The business of sculpture is to decorate the temple or the dwelling, the garden or the public-place. The piece of bravura is merely a school exercise; it is fatally theatrical, as

the useless gesture is a wrong gesture. I do not believe that at any other epoch men worked as they work to-day for the Museum, whose sole logical destination is to gather together the fragments of the art of the past. And doubtless we are multiplying the monuments in our open spaces and squares. But we might very quickly count up those which contribute anything to the beauty of our cities, and must think ourselves only too happy when they do not absolutely disfigure them. We know how these things come about; someone discovers a great man, a committee is formed, local ambitions are stirred up, a commission is given, officials perorate and palms wave in the air. The result is that an illustrious unknown is perched upon a pedestal to the surprise of the passers-by and the obstruction of the traffic. In the silence of a country town, in a solitary square surrounded by arcades or planted with elms, one is delighted to find a fountain of stone, of marble, or of bronze. Its freshness is agreeable, one listens with pleasure to the splashing of the falling waters. The most modest decoration, triton or naiad, a bas-relief worn by friction or green with moss charms the soul like a delicate homage to the beneficent spring, like a simple form of immemorial worship. But here in the great square, where the Town Hall faces the College, is a solemn, emphatic, gesticulating statue. It is overdone; it is frigid, it breathes the most official dulness; it belongs to nothing around it. Elsewhere, in our gardens, unless we are careful, there will soon be fewer trees than marbles. We are overwhelmed by the superfluous. Sculptors, I urge you to work oftener for a practical end, to carve more fountains and fewer apotheoses.

J. BECQU ET.

Christ.

(Statue, marble.)

SALON OF 1904.





R. M. MARX.
Refugees.
(Group, plaster.

SALON OF 1904.



LIST OF AWARDS.

PAINTING.

Second Medals.

MM. P. GOURDAULT, E. ZIER, M^{me} F. VALLET-BISSON. MM. M. BARTHOLD, F. BAIL, H. D'ESTIENNE, ROTIG, L. CABANES, CAUCHOIS, F. LARD, T. SEYMOUR, R. MILLER, A. BERTRAM, M. CHABAS, A. HUMBERT.

Third Medals.

MM. CANCARET, R. DU GARDIER, DILLY, E. DOIGNEAU, LEROUX, CHAPLIN, LECLERCQ, HANICOTTE, GONTIER, BILOUL, HUBBELL, MATHIEU, P. PASCAL, E. PASCAU, A. MARCHAND, TAUZIN, MONCHABLON, MULLER, BINET, FERRO, PINTO, M^{me} J. BOURILLON-TOURNAY, MM. TOUDOUZE, VIGHI, MAC MONNIES, WALHAIN.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. JONAS, VASARI, L. G. RICHARDS, GORTER, M^{me} ARC-VALLETTE, MM. A. CHARPENTIER, ROBERTY, WILLMANN, G. GÉLIBERT, LEFORT-MAGNIEZ, PONCHIN, M^{lle} CLÉRY, RONDENAY, MM. LOBEL-RICHE, J. LE ROY, Miss CAMERON, M^{me} MATROD - DESMURS, M^{lle} KOE, MM. FURT, CARON, A. LEROY, M^{me} PEYTEL, M. BRILAUD, M^{me} CHAUMET-SOUSSELIER, MM. E. THIÉRY, TIMMERMANS, GÉRARD, JAMAR, M^{lle} SAINT, MM. ROBERTSON, BRUN, BERTOLETTI, STYKA, BARBIER, M^{lle} ODIN, MM. DE BOISLECOMTE, NITSCH, MAC CAMERON, H. STANTON, GIGNOUX, M^{lle} BETHEMONT.

SCULPTURE.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. J. BECQUET.

First Medals.

MM. J. VILLENEUVE, M. BLONDAT, LA-
PORTE-BLAIRSY, HERCULE, E. FONTAINE.

Second Medals.

MM. L. BERTRAND, MALRIC, C. PAILLET,
J. DECHIN, ROSALES.

Third Medals.

M. TOLLENAAR-ERMEING, M^{me} F. MARC,

MM. DESCATOIRE, FORETAY, BERTRAND-
BOUTÉE, C. BRETON, H. PERNOT, GAUDIS-
SARD, CAMEL.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. VIRIEUX, LAFAUQUE, SANCHEZ,
M^{lle} ROZET, MM. DOMENECH, L. GUÉRIN,
CH. MAILLARD, MAUGUET, NICOT, RAYBAUD,
BERTHIER, RAUNER, VACOSSIN, M^{lle} BRICARD,
MM. DELANDRE, BAXTER, M^{lle} B. LAURENT,
MM. LEGENDRE, BONCOUR, PONCET, RE-
DUZZI, VIK.

ARCHITECTURE.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. RENÉ PATOULLARD

First Medal.

M. É. FRIESÉ.

Second Medals.

MM. ROUSSELOT, LE TOURNEAU, HÉBRARD,
CHANUT, SALLÉ.

Third Medals.

MM. THIERS, BOUCHET, GUIDETTI, H.
WALLON, BOURGEOIS, DE RUTÉ.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. ALAUX, ANTOINE, ARLÈS, BARRIAS,
BLANVILLAIN, BLONDEL, COCHET, DESOUCHES,
FOUGEROUSSE, GIROD, A. GRANET, HARANT,
HAUBOLD, HAUSAMANN, HOCHEREAU et NEL-
SON, JOUVEN, CRIER, LANDEAU, LÉVI, MAGNE,
MANCINI, MIZART, RAMANANJO, RENOU, RON-
DEAU, ROUSSELIN, SAPPIN DES RAYNAUD, SPAN-
NER, TRUFFAUT, VARON, WYBO.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. L. T. MULLER.

First Medals.

M. L. V. RUET, M^{lle} M. VERNAUT, M. L. DAUTREY.

Second Medals.

MM. D. MONTET, C. DUPONT, L. JARRAUD, T. TRUPHÈME.

Third Medals.

MM. H. LESEIGNEUR, É. LÉON, A. F. TOUPEY.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. F. VALLY, L. GREUZE, J. TILLAC, R. GERMAIN, H. CHARLET, M^{lle} E. SCHWARTZ, M. P. LEYAT, M^{lle} M. PUYPLAT, MM. L. JOUENNE, G. MAZUET, R. RENEFER, M^{me} JULIE GRANDHOMME, MM. R. DU GARDIER, E. TOURRETTE, E. CHARVOT, M^{mes} L. GÉRARD-BELLAN, M. MAMET-PATIN, M. G. REDON, M^{lle} A. L'HERMITTE, M. P. LAROCHE.

DECORATIVE ART.

First Medal.

M. GAILLARD.

Second Medals.

MM. LÉE, HABERT-DYS.

Third Medals.

MM. ANDRÉ, IDA, FEUILLATRE, D'HIÈRE, RAPIN.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. A. ARNOUX, METHEY, M^{lles} MARCHAN-DISE, LUYCKZ, M. RIQUET, M^{lle} CASELLA, M. DUPRÉ, M^{lle} LECREUX, MM. QUERVELLE, DENIS, TRILATUS, BOUZIN, M^{lle} BUSSIÈRE, M. BOURGOIN.

MEDALS AND ENGRAVED GEMS.

First Medal.

M. G. DUPRÉ.

Third Medals.

MM. R. BAUDICHON, PRUD'HOMME.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. EXBRAYAT, LENOIR, M^{lle} C. ROCH.

NATIONAL PRIZE OF THE SALON.

M. MAXIMILIEN BLONDAT.

ROSA BONHEUR PRIZE.

M. HAREUX.

LIST OF WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE STATE.

PAINTING.

- MM. ADLER (J.) *Men towing a boat* (F. A.).
 BAERTSOEN (A.) *Ghent (The Thaw)* (N. S.).
 BALESTRIERI (L.) *A Girl reading* (F. A.).
 BARRIAS (F. J.) *Conversation* (sketch) (F. A.).
 BEAUMONT (H. DE) *A Louis XVI. interior* (N. S.).
 BERGERET (P. D.) *Still-life* (F. A.).
 BORCHARDT (F.) *Portrait of a man* (F. A.).
 BRAQUAVAL (L.) *Dunkirk (Place Jean-Bart)* (N. S.).
 BUFFET (P.) *Landscape* (F. A.).
 BUNNY (R.) *After the bath* (N. S.).
 CARO-DELVAILLE (H.) *My Wife and her Sisters* (N. S.).
 CHAHINE (E.) *Mary* (drawing) (N. S.).
 COTTET (C.) *A Sea mist* (N. S.).
 DABADIE (H.) *The Square (Pontrieux, Côtes-du-Nord)* (F. A.).
 DEBON (E.) *"A la Bichette," Men of Carolles fishing for sole* (F. A.).
 DUMONT (H. J.) *Orchids* (N. S.).
 DUVENT (C.) *The Rialto (Venice)* (F. A.).
 ÉSTIENNE (H. D') *A Wedding in Brittany* (F. A.).
 GARDIER (R. DU) *A Woman in white on the sands* (F. A.).
 GAUTIER (Mlle M.) *Four water-color drawings* (N. S.).
 GILLOT (E. L.) *Leaving the Guildhall (Visit of the President of the Republic to London)* (N. S.).
 GIRARDOT (L. A.) *Tetuan. — Jewish Cemetery* (N. S.).
 GORGUET (A. F. M.) *Aphrodite and Eros* (F. A.).
 GOURDAULT (P.) *Camping out in the mountain. — Provence* (F. A.).
 GROSJEAN (H. M. G.) *Evening in the hills of the Ain* (F. A.).
 GUIGUET (F.) *Child's head* (N. S.).
 HANICOTTE (A.) *"Old Salts"* (F. A.).
 HOFFBAUER (C.) *On the edge of the battle* (F. A.).
 M^{me} JACQUES-MARIE *The Village of Larchant, near Nemours (Seine-et-Marne)* (F. A.).
 MM. LAPARRA (W.) *Coplas (Madrid)* (F. A.).
 LAURENT (E.) *Portrait of a woman* (F. A.).
 LÉGRAND (L.) *A Dancer resting* (N. S.).
 LEFÈRE (A.) *The Squall* (N. S.).
 LEROLLE (H.) *A Table* (N. S.).
 LE SIDANER (H. E.) *Interior* (N. S.).
 MOREAU-NÉLATON *Trees in blossom* (N. S.).
 MORRICE (J.) *Quai des Grands-Augustins* (N. S.).
 POWERS (Miss M.) *Treasures* (N. S.).
 RENOUD (P.) *Portraits of MM. Mollard and de Roujoux* (N. S.).
 ROBERT-FLEURY (T.) *Anxiety* (F. A.).
 RUSINOL (S.) *Orange trees* (N. S.).
 SAINT-GERMIER (J.) *A Secret Report (Venice)* (F. A.).
 TRONCY (E.) *Jewels* (F. A.).
 WÉRY (E.) *Towards the valley* (F. A.).
 ZO (H.) *Aguadora (Seville)* (F. A.).

SCULPTURE.

- MM. BAREAU (G.) *Portrait of Malame X...* (bust, marble) (F. A.).
 BECQUET (J.) *Joseph in Egypt* (statue, marble) (F. A.).
 BLONDAT (M.) *Love* (statue, marble, on onyx pedestal) (F. A.).
 CARLÈS (A.) *Bacchus* (statuette, plaster) (F. A.).
 CHARPENTIER (F.) *A Grasshopper's last song* (statuette, marble) (F. A.).
 CORDONNIER (A. A.) *In the street* (group, marble) (F. A.).

LITHOGRAPHY.

- TOUPEY (A.-F.) *Portrait of Guillaume, Baron de Montmorency, died 1531, after an unknown master of the French School* (F. A.).

DECORATIVE ART AND OBJECTS OF ART.

- BOCQUET (F.) *Five-footed cup* (silver) (N. S.).
 DAMMOUSE (A. L.) *Vase in the shape of a magnolia* (pâte de verre) (N. S.).
 DELAHERCHE (A.) *A Porcelain vase* (chalice-shaped) (N. S.).
 FEUILLATRE (E.) *Dragon-flies, crystal cup* (silver and enamel) (F. A.).
 MONOD (É.) *Small vase* (silver) (N. S.).
 ROCHE (P.) *Faia Morgana* (statuette in lead and bronze) (N. S.).

WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE COUNCIL GENERAL OF THE SEINE.

SCULPTURE.

- MM. CAMEL *First Remorse* (statue, marble) (F. A.).
 CHAMPEIL *Narcissus* (statue, bronze) (F. A.).
 CORDIER (H.) *Drover and Bullock* (bronze, "cire perdue") (N. S.).
 FROMENT-MEURICE (J.) *The Two Mothers* (bas-relief, marble) (N. S.).
 M^{me} GIRARDET *The Tempest* (group, plaster) (F. A.).
 M. MALRIC *Narcissus* (figure, marble) (F. A.).

WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE CITY OF PARIS.

PAINTING.

- MM. BROUILLET (A.) *Country Life* (F. A.).
 DENNERY (G. L.) *Court-yard of the old Louvre at Château-Gontier* (pastel) (F. A.).
 DINET (A. E.) *Running amuck* (S. N.).
 DUPUY (P. M.) *Boatmen at Port Henri IV.* (F. A.).
 GUILLONNET (O. D. V.) *The Omen;—a Moorish wedding* (F. A.).
 IWILL (M. J.) *Purple mists* (N. S.).

- MM. LEBRUN (M.-E.) *Porte d'Orléans;—a thaw, twilight* (F. A.).
 LEFORT - MAGNIEZ (E. A.-
 M. J.) *After the rain* (F. A.).
 LE ROY (J.) *The Antiquary's shop* (F. A.).
 MATIGNON (A.) *Box No. 5;—Fancy-dress ball at the Opera* (F. A.).
 PRÉVOT-VALÉRI (A.) *The Return of the flock* (F. A.).
 PRUNIER (G.) *Sunday on the Fortifications (Paris)* (N. S.).

SCULPTURE.

- BASTET (V. A.) *Manon* (statue, marble) (F. A.).
 BERTRAND-BOUTÉE (R.) *A Vision of the past* (group, plaster) (F. A.).
 DAGONET (E.) *Stag surrounded by wolves* (group, bronze) (F. A.).
 DARBEFEUILLE (P.) *Daphnis* (group, marble) (F. A.).
 DERRÉ (E.) *Fountain of the Innocents* (for a public square or
 garden, plaster) (F. A.).
 ESCOULA (J.) *Chloe sleeping* (marble) (N. S.).
 FONTAINE (E.) *The Thrill* (group, marble) (F. A.).
 MAUGUET (A.) *The Grasshopper* (statue, plaster) (F. A.).

(F. A. : Society of French Artists.—N. S. : National Society of Fine Arts.

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Laurens (J. P.)	42**	Sain (Ed.)	32
Laurens (P. A.)	8**	Simon (L.)	12*
Lavergne (G.)	56**	Sonrel (Mlle E.)	60*
Lavery (J.)	16*	Stengelin (A.)	32*
Lecomte du Nouy (J.)	64*	Tattegrain (F.)	72*
Lefebvre (J. J.)	56*	Thaulow (F.)	22**
Le Gout-Gérard (F. M. E.)	26*	Tournès (E.)	32**
Lhermitte (L. A.)	2	Umbricht (H.)	60
Mac-Ewen (W.)	58*	Watelin (L. V.)	70*
Marcel-Clément	22	Weerts (J. J.)	18
Martin (H. J. G.)	44	Wentworth (M ^{me} Cécile de)	62
Maxence (E. H. M. A.)	48**	Whistler (J. M ^e Neill)	2**

SCULPTURE.

Becquet (J.)	80	Laporte-Blairsy (L.)	76*
Bertrand (L.)	78	Lenoir (A.)	40*
Blondat (M.)	74*	Marcel-Jacques (A.)	34**
Bourdelle (E.)	34*	Marx (R. M.)	80*
Carrière (J. R.)	36**	Michel (G.)	78*
Dejean (L.)	40	Milles (G.)	36*
Derré (E.)	74**	Rodin (A.)	34
Escoula (J.)	38*	Schnegg (L.)	36
Fontaine (E.)	74	Sicard (F.)	76
Gaudissard (E.)	76**	Voulot (F.)	38**
Injalbert (J. A.)	38		



